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This is the three thousandth issue of The Nation. *May it be given to us and our successors to steer its course as truly for another 50 years as did our predecessors!—The Editors of* The Nation.

SOMETIMES one dramatic incident illumines a whole drama as a flash of lightning photographs an entire countryside. So the pulling out of the lake at Mer Rouge, Louisiana, of two tortured and mutilated bodies of men who were but a short time ago prominent citizens in the community ought to burn into the consciousness of the American people this proof of what the Ku Klux Klan inevitably leads to. To nothing else can the assumption of irresponsible authority, cloaked and masked and acting in the dark of the night, come, but torture and murder. Let no defender of this guilty order tell us that the criminals of Mer Rouge were exceptions and were faithless to its teachings. This Klan is no new thing nor is this particular crime a novelty. Plenty of men have disappeared since the Klan's revival; the happening at Mer Rouge stands out because of its dramatic quality, the determination of a brave and loyal Governor—Mr. Parker—the spectacle of troops dragging a lake, not for a couple of poor, despised, friendless Negroes, but for men who stood high in their business and social world. Yet this is merely history repeating itself. Thanks to that vile play "The Birth of a Nation" and much silly romancing, multitudes believe that the original Klan of Reconstruction days was a gallant bit of knight-errantry, chiefly engaged in frightening superstitious and cowardly darkies out of our political life. It was nothing of the kind. It, too, speedily became a band of torturers and murderers. Let anyone who questions this study for himself the volume of testimony taken by a Committee of Congress in 1871-72. There are set forth the Klan's bloody crimes in black and white. Its present revival also leads not only to crime against individuals and the State, but is especially foreordained to baseness because of the money-making motive of the founders of the modern enterprise.

WILLIAM E. BORAH must grow more and more trying in the eyes of the White House. It was he who forced the calling of the Conference for the Limitation of Naval Armaments when President Harding, in this matter as in so many others, let I dare not wait upon I would. It is Borah who has been, with La Follette, the brains of the opposition to the Administration policy within the Republican Party, and now he comes along and introduces a resolution in the Senate requesting the President to call an economic conference "with such governments as he may deem necessary and expedient." The very thing that the President has been called upon to do for months past on this side of the ocean, for which every intelligent observer on the other side has prayed, Mr. Borah now proposes that Congress shall ask him to do. Moreover, he couples to his call for this conference, which is to make "such arrangements as may seem essential to the restoration of trade and to the establishment of sound financial and business conditions," a request that it shall also consider "limiting the construction of all types and sizes of sub-surface and surface craft of ten thousand tons standard displacement, or less, and of aircraft." Naturally, the newspapers are right in declaring this to be a bombshell thrown into the Harding camp. But, good heavens, when does the Harding Administration ever finally act except when a bombshell is thrown at it? An economic conference has been inevitable for two years past to undo the mischief of the Versailles Treaty.

IN this connection J. P. Morgan & Co. were absolutely correct when they informed the German Ambassador that no loan for the benefit of Germany could be floated until the reparations issue is settled. That is sound common sense and properly focuses public attention upon the fact that reparations are the keynote to the whole economic situation of Europe. Mr. Lamont, who spoke for J. P. Morgan & Co., gave the newspapers the impression that any loan to Germany was far, far off in the future. It will be so only if the settlement of the reparations issue is delayed. But we still believe that that settlement cannot be long postponed; the impending collapse of Germany assures that. Whatever Mr. Harding's wabbling—and he has apparently again vacillated since he first gave to the press the tip that he would lead in demanding a settlement in Europe—he will now be compelled by the publicity given Senator Borah's resolution to act whether that resolution be passed

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or not. As Senator Borah is quoted as saying, if reparations cannot be adjusted nothing else can be. No loans can be made, and nothing else constructive accomplished, and we shall see the situation abroad become catastrophic. If the reparations issue is settled, there will be no difficulty whatever in floating a great loan in this country providing it is for the joint benefit of France and Germany. Altogether, Senator Borah's resolution was a most welcome Christmas gift.

SENATOR McCORMICK'S testimony as to the gravity of the European situation is precisely that of every other competent observer who returns from overseas; we print the following extracts from it simply because it is necessary for all responsible journalists who do not wish to be charged after the event with failure to arouse the American public to the imminence of the coming catastrophe to repeat and repeat, to iterate and reiterate:

> The financial situation of many of the governments of continental Europe is so desperate, the economic condition of the peoples who support them is so serious, that we may expect the gravest events before the end of the winter, unless the European victors in the late war act with economic wisdom, prudence, and foresight hitherto foreign to their policy. France has suffered terribly. France seeks indemnities for her losses and security for her frontiers, but they can only be found conformably with economic realities. The contemplated occupation of the Ruhr as far as Essen by five divisions of French troops—or by foreign troops at all—is nowhere approved in Europe, outside of France. The proposal is disapproved by the overwhelming majority of responsible and representative Americans in all the European countries which would be affected by its consummation. They share the opinion of European economists and financiers that no economic advantage would accrue to France from such a course, but that, on the contrary, it would inure to the hurt of France, Germany, Belgium, Britain, Italy, Scandinavia, and America, to the injury to German credit, industry and trade. It is the judgment of impartial and informed persons that the occupation of the Ruhr must result in the sabotage of industry by the population of the basin, which will further delay and diminish the payment of reparations.

Finally, it is interesting to note, in view of M. Clemenceau's unblushing prevarications about the black troops in Germany, that Senator McCormick demands the "prompt withdrawal of the barbarian or semi-barbarian Mohammedan troops from the Rhine."

PRESIDENT HARDING granted Christmas pardons to some of the Federal prisoners. And these are the three he selected: John Carl, convicted in Alaska of murder in the second degree—he is said to have been the Leavenworth warden's first choice for clemency; Thomas Parker, convicted in Texas for manslaughter; and John Willard Delaney, convicted in California of forgery. Meanwhile sixty political prisoners remain behind the bars, simply and solely because they had the courage to say in wartime things which even legionnaires now know to be true, and because President Harding has not the moral courage to face the ire of the bigoted legionnaires who oppose their release. Bishop Brent's letter to the President asking amnesty for these men was unanswerable; our country, maintaining prisoners of opinion in jail, is guilty of barbarism not known in Europe. If we were to choose men to whom we could wish a happier new year with the fullest heart we would salute these poor men who mistakenly believed in the First Amendment to the Constitution.

POLAND'S diplomats showed themselves singularly unskilful at the Moscow Disarmament Conference. It was bad enough for all the little Baltic states to refuse Moscow's initial proposal of a 75 per cent reduction in military forces. But the Poles followed that with a patently clumsy trick. They announced that they were willing to make a 25 per cent reduction, and added, to make it clear, that they would reduce their army from 373,000 to 280,000. The Russians blandly pointed out that the Poles themselves had officially informed the League of Nations last June that their army was only 294,000 strong. Were those figures lies? the Russians asked. The Poles replied by requesting an adjournment, after which they solemnly announced that they could not discuss concrete measures of disarmament until after a preliminary pact of non-aggression, such as the French delegate, M. de Jouvenel, had presented to the League as a substitute for Lord Robert Cecil's plan, had been signed. Whereupon the conference broke up. Litvinov, chief of the Russian delegation, insists that the Poles acted upon the advice of the French. If that is true, the Poles would do well to seek better advisers promptly. Their course deserves the severest censure.

WE move rapidly these days toward increased judicial power through the use of the contempt process. Out in Iowa, generally regarded as eminently safe and sane until the election of a liberal like Brookhart to the United States Senate, one court at least approaches the ideal of "normalcy." Austin Haines, editor of the Des Moines *News*, has been sentenced to a day in jail and one dollar fine for contempt—not because he found fault with the court's conclusions, but because he criticized the taste and literary style of its opinions. In fact, the article for which he was cited specifically stated that no question was raised as to the honesty or equity of the court's decisions, but that in rendering them the judge had dragged in puerile personalities, racial prejudices, labored attempts at humor, and *obiter dicta*, which indicated that he had become "intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity." The next thing we know some editor will be found guilty of contempt for suggesting that Justice Taft is "off" his golf game.

THE appointment of Dr. Rupert Blue, the former Surgeon General of the Public Health Service, as American representative upon the Advisory Committee of the League of Nations on Traffic in Opium, is another important step forward in the efforts of the United States to combat the traffic in drugs. To President Harding have gone many expressions of gratitude, both for his cooperation with the League and for his choice of so excellent an official as Dr. Blue, whose presence in Europe makes possible his immediate taking hold of his new work. The task of this committee is one of the most difficult imaginable, involving as it does international questions of great delicacy that still call for prompt and outspoken handling. It is easy, for instance, to criticize England justly for her numerous sins in the opium trade for more than seventy-five years. But our own skirts are not clean and other peoples are to blame. Were the humanitarians of the British Labor Party to be in power tomorrow they could not overnight cut the Empire's colonies loose from a traffic which is second only to the drink evil but is even more difficult to control. Hence the necessity of constant cooperation, in which Dr. Blue will do his share; hence the necessity of action in Washington.

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LAME ducks may have their uses. They are out of place in a well-regulated barn-yard and undoubtedly take up room needed for healthy ducks—but at the same time they possess that irresponsible amiability characteristic of down-and-outs generally and a sort of independence that sometimes goes with it. And so, gathering its forces and its small funds together, the Voluntary Parenthood League is making a new, valiant attack on the lame-duck session of Congress with a faint hope of removing forever the two words in the Federal statute which prevent the dissemination of contraceptive information. The new campaign will be aimed directly at the lame ducks and at the reelected members; the former, through defeat, being freed from the necessity of pleasing powerful minorities at home, and the latter being still at a comfortable distance from another election. The active workers for the League are sure that a majority of Congress think "right" on this measure; they know that they will not vote right, however, except under anomalous conditions like those of the present session. For ourselves we believe that they will never vote to remove these ludicrous restrictions in any session under any circumstances until the women of the country as voters and through powerful national organizations force them to.

ENGLISH newspapers containing the full reports of the British elections reveal a number of fascinating details which eluded the cables:

While only the two women who already held seats were elected to the new Parliament, the thirty-one women candidates this year received a total of 212,000 votes, or an average of 6,000 per candidate, as against 58,000, or 3,000 per candidate, in 1918.

Forty-two members of the new Parliament are miners; seven are brewers; twenty-three newspaper owners or writers.

Of thirty-two Jewish candidates eleven were returned. Six of these were Conservatives; Mr. Shinwell is the first Jewish representative of the Labor Party to sit in Parliament.

Among the candidates for the thirty-one Welsh seats were nine men named Jones, two John, and one Johns; seven named Williams, four Davies, three Edwards, and three Jenkins. Two each of the Jenkinses, Williamses and Davieses were elected, and four of the Joneses.

Mr. Bonar Law was elected by a minority from his own district; the Liberal and Labor candidates combined had four votes more than the new Prime Minister. Sidney Webb won by more than two votes to one in Seaham, which was comfortably Coalitionist in 1918; Bertrand Russell was beaten by more than three votes to one in Chelsea; Philips Price, despite his known connection with the Soviet Government, lost by less than 2,000 votes in Gloucester; the one Communist elected, Walton Newbold, was returned by less than one-third of the voters in a very even four-sided contest; Havelock Wilson, the reactionary seamen's leader, was this year a poor third in a constituency which he swept by three to one in the khaki election of 1918.

PERCHED on a precipitous rock in the Apennines, two thousand feet above the blue Adriatic, lies San Marino, smallest and oldest republic in the world. Founded in the fourth century by Saint Marinus, who fled from the persecution of Christians by Diocletian, or, as another story goes, from his turbulent wife, it has long been a haven of refuge for political offenders from many lands. It avoided the fierce factional struggles of the Middle Ages, and was protected by the papacy and by various Italian nobles. For a short time it was in the hands of Caesar Borgia. Even Napoleon, sweeping through southern Europe, respected its independence. But times change. Now the shadow of Fascism clouds the triple summit of Monte Titano. A Fascist unit has been formed in San Marino, supported by the rich agriculturists, who hope to avoid payment of land taxes by forcing annexation to Italy. Carabinieri and Fascisti have taken the power into their own hands, and are preparing the burial of the San Marino Government. The right of asylum has been repeatedly violated; citizens have been terrorized and expelled. Thus the end of the republic seems near, and the new masters of Italy are violating a sanctuary that even the master imperialist of Europe respected.

AMID all the hurly-burly of British generals and Turkish governors and Greek patriarchs and French superdiplomats which has kept Constantinople in turmoil for months it seems incongruous to discover that a new School of Religion has just been opened under joint English and American auspices. There in that capital of the world's madness seventeen students—Armenians, Russians, Bulgarians, and one Greek, fifteen men and two women—have quietly set to work preparing themselves for religious and social work in the Near East. The president of the school is Dr. F. F. Goodsell, an American who refused the presidency of Beirut College to conduct this new experiment, and among its first lecturers was Mr. H. G. Wood, one of the leaders of Woodbrooke Settlement, Birmingham, which has been the center of much of the practical internationalism of the English Quakers.

NEXT to going to Egypt to see the tomb of Tutankhamen —and it makes our heart beat faster to think of the man who, after thirty-one years of digging, finally discovered the last undiscovered tomb of one of the great Pharaohs—we should like to enrol at Howard University under Mr. W. L. Hansberry for the courses known as History 12, 13, and 14. The announcements have something of the same mysterious fascination as marks the reports from Egypt:

HISTORY 12. NEGRO PEOPLES IN THE CIVILIZATIONS OF THE PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT WORLD . . . . Based in the main upon archaeological discoveries and documentary evidence bearing upon the relation of Negro peoples (a) to the paleolithic and neolithic cultures of Africa and Europe; (b) their position and influence in the civilizations of predynastic and early dynastic Egypt; and (c) their relations to the prehistoric and early historic civilizations in Western Asia, including Arabia and India.

HISTORY 13. NEGRO CIVILIZATIONS IN EAST CENTRAL AFRICA FROM THE EIGHTH CENTURY B. C. UNTIL THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. . . . Aims to give a general acquaintance with the Negro civilizations in the Egyptian Sudan and Abyssinia from the Ethiopian conquest of Egypt in the eighth century B. C. until the coming of West European influence. . . .

HISTORY 14. NEGRO CIVILIZATIONS IN WEST CENTRAL AFRICA FROM A. D. 1000 TO THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A survey of the political and cultural conditions in the four great Negro states of the Western Sudan—the Kingdom of Ghana, the Mellestine, the Songhay Empire, and Yorubuland. . . .

For most of us such courses would be real voyages of discovery. We should like to provide scholarships for some of the Kleagles of the Klan and some of the pseudo-scientific apostles of Nordicism.

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How the League of Nations Is Used

THAT a determined drive is now on to put the United States into the League of Nations is perfectly obvious. Justice Clark, who resigned from the Supreme Court to take a leading part in this endeavor, begins his work with the new year, and a long list of sponsors comprising well-known men and women of both parties has been published as the opening gun. As mixed motives actuate these proponents of the League as impel the curious alliance of idealists and narrow nationalists who comprise the successful opposition. About this renewed struggle we shall have much to say in the months to come, and we hope before long to present to our readers a strong statement of the reasons of those who disagree with us from the pen of one of the ablest of them, in order that our readers may have both sides before them. We must say now, however, that the pro-Leaguers are wise in their effort to make theirs a nonpartisan movement, for even the ordinary politician should be able to see that for the Democratic Party to take up this issue again will mean merely renewed defeat. We are aware, of course, that Mr. Wilson hopes to lead the fight again; we are credibly informed that he demands the adoption of the treaty without the alteration of a letter or of a punctuation mark. That is, of course, to seek the utterly impossible. If the United States ever enters the League it will be, in our judgment, only after the present organization is largely made over and cut loose from that body of death, the Versailles Treaty.

Meanwhile we wish to call attention to the way the League is playing into the hands of the European imperialists. At Lausanne the other day, in congratulating Ismet Pasha on the entry of Turkey into the League of Nations, Lord Curzon uttered one of those cynically frank remarks indulged in now and then by diplomats which illuminate unexpectedly the smoothly whirring wheels that lie behind the outer mummery of imperialist diplomacy. "This makes many things easier," said Marquis Curzon. Press dispatches are not given to atmospheric color, but it may almost be assumed that he accompanied these words with a grim and sardonic smile. The significance of the statement points a neat little moral for America to contemplate. It helps us to see what the League of Nations is today, to understand its true function in the diplomatic machinery of Europe, and to observe how it works in the hands of the old-school diplomats who still speak for the nations of Europe.

For the inner meaning of Lord Curzon's plain remark it is necessary to go back to the time when the Lausanne Conference was discussing the subject of Mosul oil. The Turks had forced the issue by their intransigence, and the United States had suddenly come forward with one of her embarrassing demands which needed to be chewed over a little before it could be swallowed. With the American toe in the door, and Turkey pushing behind, the question of the Mosul oil fields had slipped in unheralded, as it were, and had at once begun to make itself vastly objectionable. The press of the world had begun to talk too plainly about the oil issue. The Conference too obviously was tackling in open session the real problem which confronted it—that is, the practical problem of economic grab. Who should get the Mosul oil fields? This, as every intelligent person knew, was the real question before the Lausanne Conference, as it was a chief cause of the Greco-Turkish War which made the Conference necessary. But for the Conference openly to discus this question, and for the press openly to report the di cussion, was too dangerous. It destroyed the moral illusio under cover of which imperialist diplomacy carries on.

Recourse was then had to an adroit moral flanking mov ment. The subject of Mosul oil was banished from the floc of the Conference. In its stead was brought forward int the glare of open discussion the question of the Gree minorities in Turkey. Here was a question of a human tarian nature, to appeal to the sentiment of the world ar to derive every ounce of value from the century-old trad tion of Turkish violence and oppression. Before the Turk could even begin to stem the tide the word had gone ou that Turkey proposed to expel beyond her new borders va multitudes of her Christian population. The Christia nations were aroused; churches protested, and meeting passed resolutions. The feeble Turkish protest to this sent mental tidal wave, to the effect that they intended to do n such thing, went unheeded.

The time was now ripe for action. The fiat alternativ was laid before Turkey: Would she, or would she not, joi the League of Nations and subject the safeguarding of he Christian minorities to the control of this body? For alon with the moral agitation had gone the propaganda for th solution of the difficulty; and by this time it was fixed in th mind of the world that Turkish refusal to join the Leagu of Nations would be tantamount to avowal of a policy c open violence toward her Christian minorities. If Turke proposed to protect her Christian minorities, if she pr posed to subscribe to common morality, she must join th League of Nations. Ambassador Child, holding a long co ference with Ismet Pasha, spoke to him earnestly, as friend. He pointed out the situation of Turkey with th moral sentiment of the world aroused against her, and ho easy it would be for Turkey to accede to the Allied deman and win back the world's favor. He presumably said: "Wh don't you join the League of Nations and stop all th clamor? Your opportunity is almost too easy. Yo would show the poorest political judgment, and make you position entirely hopeless, by refusing this opportunity. Whereupon Ismet Pasha promised Lord Curzon that Turke would enter the League of Nations; and Lord Curzon r marked sardonically "This makes many things easier the point being that England holds a mandate for Mesop tamia under the League of Nations, and that it is by virtu of this mandate that she is claiming for Mesopotamia th Mosul oil regions. Turkey, once a member of the Leagu will have put her head in the noose. She will have sul scribed to the control of the League, and must abide by i judgments; to depart from this course would be again t raise the moral indignation of the world against her. Bu the League Council—controlled by Great Britain—wi determine the boundaries of Mesopotamia. It will, it fair to assume, declare the Mosul oil fields to be a part c Mesopotamia rather than of Turkey. England will get th oil. Turkey, a member of the League, will have practicall no voice in the decision; while her membership in the deci ing body will deprive her of the moral value of independer action. The lesson for America is simply that the Leagu of Nations is still a very convenient noose in the hands c the imperialist garroters.

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That "House of Governors"

A "NEW ERA" is dawning; we are about to enter upon the "third great patriotic national period," for a conference has just ended which will "perhaps prove to be the most important event in American history since the Constitutional Convention"; every man has come away from "the most noteworthy gathering that he ever attended with a new love of his country, a new attitude toward it, a new conscience." Where is the professor of history or the man of public affairs who can tell what happening of the twentieth century called forth this exaltation of spirit, these expressions of a hope for the accomplishment of greater and better things? It was not a religious revival, it was not a peace conference after a holy war; they were called forth by the Conference of Governors of the United States assembled at the White House by Theodore Roosevelt in 1908 to consider the conservation of our natural resources—"one of Mr. Roosevelt's happiest suggestions" which may "go down in history as his greatest service to the nation." Such quotations as these which we have taken from the New York *Times*, the New York *Evening Post*, the *Independent*, the *Outlook*, and *World's Work* could easily be multiplied.

The conference thus heralded as a "stroke of genius" that would develop into a permanent House of Governors, was to bring about cooperation in "all subjects" among the States and between the States and the nation; it was destined to promote uniform legislation, and by bridging the gulf between State and Federal authorities it was to make unsafe for malefactors of great wealth that "twilight zone" where neither State nor Federal court had dared to tread. This "needed supplement to the Federal and State system," which should preserve "the balance of American institutions," was a fresh example of America's creative genius.

So the achievements of the first conference were on every tongue, and 50,000 copies of its proceedings were distributed throughout the land. At the 1910 conference an unsuccessful attempt was made to urge Congress to pass legislation to remove the friction caused by the interference of Federal courts with the orders of State railroad commissions, and the conference of 1911 went so far as to appoint a committee of three to appear before the Supreme Court when such cases were under consideration. In 1913 the governors went on record against unregulated monopoly of water power. These seem to be the only actions at all striking since the first "unparalleled" conference. In fact so little have these annual deliberations impressed themselves even upon the official consciousness that when President Harding wished to consult with the governors of the States about the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment he first thought of calling a special conference. The discussion by this year's conference, just held at White Sulphur Springs, of the Ku Klux Klan and of Prohibition attracted to it more attention than usual only because of the public interest in those subjects, naturally far greater than debates on "Conservation and Development of National Assets."

Thus the failure of the "House of Governors" to live up to the tremendous expectations which it created is another demonstration that the salvation of the nation's soul is not to be accomplished merely by the creation of new governmental machinery. There is nothing discouraging about this. The extravagant hopes aroused were obviously impossible of achievement; great constitutional changes do not come about that way. The trend of the hour is, moreover, not toward more political devices but toward economic regeneration. When the governors discover this their meetings will be stirred by the breath of vigorous life and again attract widespread attention.

The Two Harmonies

POETS are fond of talking about music. What they commonly mean is the cadences of verse or the music of the spheres. Concerning the art in its stricter sense they know little or nothing. It is true that Campion was an exquisite composer and that Milton played the organ. But music in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was a simple thing. What the poet then meant by music was a grave and lovely air. Whoever has heard the old music played on flutes and virginals and recorders knows that a difference in degree has almost become a difference in kind between it and the Feuerzauber or Debussy's "Gardens in the Rain."

In later ages the alienation of literature from music, especially in the English-speaking countries, became more and more complete. Browning was an exception; so, in a different way, was Sidney Lanier; so, in still another manner, is Arthur Symons. Far more representative was Tennyson, who had, notoriously, as little ear as Charles Lamb himself. From the works of most of the major poets and prose writers you would hardly suspect the immense influence and importance of music in the modern world. Hazlitt and even Shelley wrote about painting. Neither in their works nor in the works of the men that followed them will you find so much as the name of a great composer. With the rise of the novel, novels in which music figures largely were bound to make a sporadic appearance. But most of them, like the once well-known "The First Violin," by Jessie Fothergill, are shoddy and sweetish, and George Moore's "Evelyn Innes" still remains a glorious exception to an all but universal rule.

Nor, in view of present developments, is the breach between the two great sister arts likely to disappear. Many lettered people love music. But they want it to be pure music. They turn to it precisely because it liberates them from the inveterate intellectualism, the strain and debatableness of words. There is no argument in a gavotte by Händel or a waltz by Brahms; nothing needs refutation in the Larghetto of Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony; the riddle of the painful earth—which is, somehow, inherent in every word one utters, does not leap at you from either the Adagio of Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique or from the Andante of his Twenty-third. Here is pure beauty of form, pure wholeness of feeling. Into this art one can cast one's entire soul, lose one's entire self, and in that loss know peace. Wagner, too, is a great favorite of lettered hearts. He is almost as mighty a melodist as Beethoven himself and where he insists on meaning something beyond the reach of pure music he has, himself a poet, a dramatist, and even a critic, provided a literary substructure that is native to the writer's and the thinker's bent of mind.

It is when music begins to poach on his preserves that the literary artist loses patience. Not out of envy, heaven knows. But if it will not sing him out of himself and into

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ecstasy, its uses to him are gone. He can *say* things so much more adequately and subtly and profoundly himself. He resents the orchestral intricacies that overlay the melodic groundwork even in Richard Strauss's "Don Juan." He wants thematic material that is musically well defined, that is beautiful, that makes him feel. Tonal arabesques tease him; tonal description and cerebration make him smile. No, it is not necessarily ignorance. He is often quite aware of what the composer is driving at and can even recognize it when some ultra-modern plays with unrelated keys. But he knows how heartbreakingly difficult it is to say things in words which are the natural instruments of speech. He knows that all songs must, from the nature of things, be songs without words. He wants to be spared the stammering and stuttering of a medium which, in its proper use, he often thinks more beautiful and certainly diviner than his own.

Solemn But Undignified Penguins

THE easy stream of American political thinking has come upon a snag and is whirling around in a wild confusion of eddies. Bolshevism was a simple question. The newspapers and preachers and politicians, and all the people who listen to what they say, knew just what to think about that. Bolshevism meant throwing bombs right through the Constitution of the United States; it meant putting a gang of loose-living anarchists in control of the government; it meant nationalizing industries and banks and tooth-brushes and women. Criminal syndicalism laws, expressing this simple American conclusion, were promptly passed; workingmen were put in jail—where they still lie; foreigners became *ipso facto* suspects; and every public measure from maternity welfare to farm credits was subjected to the test of bolshevism.

As the election returns testified, those hearty days have in some measure passed. But now public thinking has struck a real snag—the Ku Klux Klan. Here is an organization which in the few short years of its existence has doubtless committed more outrages than all the radical organizations in the history of the country. It goes masked; it writes anonymous letters; it strikes in the dark. It is ludicrous and awful, cheap and nasty. It assumes the rights of the constituted authorities and defies the police. The obvious traditional American solution of such a situation would be to outlaw the organization and imprison its members. But—here's the snag—the Klan works in the name of the very Constitution it defies; it carries the American flag at the head of its masked processions; it opposes the danger of "foreign invasion"; it upholds Protestantism and is down on Jews, Negroes, Catholics. It is, in short, "sound" in its doctrines, in the eyes of our super-patriots. Of course its methods may be a little extreme once in a while, but are not our institutions worth protecting even at the expense of a few barrels of tar and a few pounds of feathers?

Reasoning in this way, America is puzzled and wavering. Its better public officials, or those of the Catholic faith, stand out against the Klan, and sometimes, because it is hard for public officials to think in any other terms, demand wide powers of suppression. Weak-kneed officials join the Klan. The better newspapers attack the Ku Klux and publish revelations of its activities—the New York *World* did brilliant pioneer work in this field. The pulpit—well, those preachers who defend the Klan or who dress members of the congregation in Ku Klux regalia are the ones who provide copy for the daily newspaper and it is not fair to generalize from them about the church at large. But the public—the people who read and listen and vote—are even more seriously divided. In one section they turn their backs on all forms of reaction and obscurantism, and elect fearless advocates of industrial and personal freedom—men whom the Klan would like to see driven out of public life. In another section the Ku Klux ticket is swept into office. Here and there other organizations are suspected of helping the Invisible Empire. We have interesting testimony in a letter lately received from a prominent New York Mason to the close alliance, in fact if not officially, between the Masons and the Klan. He cites a dozen different acts and policies of the Masons exactly in line with those of the Klan, the most significant of which was the recent suspension for un-American conduct of a Jewish Master and his whole lodge because the lodge held a banquet on a Sunday night. "I wonder," comments the writer, "whether Judge K. M. Landis, who attended the Friars' dinner recently on a Sunday, and Will Hays and Augustus Thomas, would agree that they are therefore any the less American."

The most significant evidence of the public influence of Ku Kluxism—and its possible alliance with Masonry—appeared in the recent Oregon elections. A preposterous measure, sponsored by the Klan and requiring that every child over eight and under sixteen must be sent to a public school during the entire school year, was submitted to a general vote. On the day following the elections the New York dailies contained an Oregon dispatch announcing that the compulsory school bill, "championed and backed by the Klan and the Masons, went down to defeat after a hard fight," and *The Nation*, going to press that day, rejoiced over this added evidence of intelligent liberalism in the West. The news dispatch, and consequently *The Nation*, was wrong. The Ku Klux bill was carried by a majority of almost 16,000 and as a result denominational schools—it was obviously aimed at the parochial schools—were practically abolished and all private schools were killed by the same blow. So un-American and unwise a decision will bring most regrettable consequences in its train. Educators know that private schools are the laboratories for educational experiments from which the public schools learn.

We would like to content ourselves with laughing at the Ku Klux Klan. Its members in their regalia have the solemnity but not the native dignity of penguins. Its rites and its language and its secrets are too infantile to be treated seriously by anyone except perhaps—and we blush to think of it—by the anthropologists of the centuries ahead. But its acts and its ambitions and the bedevilment it has caused in the minds of so many people—these are not humorous. Unfortunately we cannot turn with the readiness of some of our militant contemporaries to counter-violence or even to the violence of law to put down the menace of the Klan. As we have already said, even the Klan has rights. The needed campaign is against the pitiful prejudice, ignorance, and Know-Nothingism which give rise both to the Klan and to the equally bigoted folk who, like Mayor Hylan of New York, seek to Ku Klux the Klan itself.

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A Kuzbas Chronicle

By RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL

Kemerovo, Siberia, November 1, 1922

I HAVE been trying to come to some settled conclusion about the Kuzbas experiment before writing an article on the subject. But I have been in Kemerovo for two months and my mind is still in a chaotic state concerning it.

Many of the colonists were much disillusioned upon their arrival here, but in most cases this happened because they came with misconceptions of the project, gained from inaccurate information. Others, however, have met with a more serious disillusionment than that brought about by physical conditions: they feel that the revolution is dead, and that they are wasting their efforts in attempting to build up industry in an infantile capitalist society. This is partly due to their ignorance of the progress of the Russian revolution and partly to the romantic impression created by American radical literature about Russia.

There have been five groups of colonists sent from America to date and all have undergone similar experiences. The fourth group, with which I came, was the largest and from an industrial viewpoint the best. Heading the party of one hundred and thirty-five persons, including eighty-five workers, their wives, and twenty-two children, was Alfred Pearson, Jr., an experienced mining engineer. The Holland America Line gave special attention to making third-class accommodations on the S.S. Rotterdam comfortable for the successive Kuzbas groups. At Rotterdam the groups transshipped to the S.S. Warszawa, a much smaller boat. Our last sunset on the ocean did not fade entirely away until eleven o'clock on the night of the fourth of August. Early on the morning of the fifth we passed the fortress of Kronstadt, which guards the city of Petrograd, and moved slowly up the canal. Presently a golden dome rose before us and we got our first glimpse of Petrograd. Our vessel slipped past a church of Moorish architecture, with inlaid mosaic work and slender golden spires, and came into dock beside a wide street paved with wooden blocks through which the grass was growing.

Most of the group had come with sentimental illusions concerning our importance to Russia. We had sung revolutionary songs all the way over, waved our red flag at every port, started a riot at Danzig between the police and the ragged workers on the dock, and now as we neared the Promised Land we eagerly awaited the greetings of our Russian comrades. It so happened, however, that the boat came in two days before it was expected, our pilot had not yet arrived from Kemerovo, and there was no one to receive or look after us. A crowd of the curious gathered on the dock, and when we sang the International a handful of Communists answered in Russian, and that was all. So, from saviors of Russia, we found ourselves reduced to common immigrants. Our baggage was searched and we were all afternoon getting through tedious red tape. Finally, as evening came on, the captain of the Warszawa, anxious to sail that night, literally dumped us, bag and baggage, into the street. The immigration officer did the best he could for us under the circumstances: he turned his headquarters nearby over to the group for the night.

This was a house two hundred years old, which had been the mansion of a German baron. Falling into ruin, musty and dirty with the dirt of ages, there were only two rooms on the second floor fit for occupancy. One was a large front room looking out on the river, the other a smaller room with sky-blue walls, and fluted columns, and a skylight but no ventilation. Here the forty women and children spent the night as best they could. The men slept in the big room which at least had plenty of air. We were warned to boil all drinking water; a fire was started in an army stove in the dilapidated courtyard but the water did not boil until midnight. By eleven o'clock it was dark and the pioneers got out their blanket rolls and began to look for places to sleep. We spread our blankets on the stone balcony hanging over the sidewalk. Below us a Red Guard stood watch; the street swarmed with people; two motor boats loaded with Communists who had been out on a Sunday excursion came in and the sound of a hundred voices singing the International gave us the first thrill of revolutionary spirit we had felt since landing in Russia. Presently it began to rain, so we scurried in and found places on the floor which was already covered with sleeping men. Soon a chorus of snores rose from the fourscore people in the room.

The next day there was no food available except black bread—sour and soggy—and sausage. Some of us went into the open markets close at hand to buy food. We had some of our scant funds changed into rubles and at once became a party of millionaires. The blocks of little stalls displayed their meager supplies of fly-infested food, which the dirty, barefooted people bought in minute quantities, paying in return a vast amount of paper money. This was the poor quarter of the city, so of course we saw conditions at their worst. Our heads were soon whirling with the attempt to count in millions and at the same time to translate these vast figures into American money. For three and one-half million rubles we bought eight apples, half a pound of black bread, a bunch of carrots, and two dried fish. The ruble is dropping fast. At that time it was three and one-half million to the dollar; the present rate of exchange is about nine million to the dollar.

That afternoon we were all transported by street car to the Soviet Hotel on Nevsky Prospect, a six-story stone building. We had to climb endless flights of stairs to our quarters on the sixth floor. It had been a comfortable hotel, but was now stripped of furnishings and conveniences. There were iron cots without springs or mattresses, electric fixtures without electricity, and nice, private bathrooms without any water. We put our ticks on the floor, went to bed by candlelight, and at certain hours of the day were able to get water from two or three faucets on the floor. The kitchen and dining-room were turned over to the group and food supplies were brought from our freight at the dock. From the moment we arrived in Russia every member of the Kuzbas group except children was assigned to some particular duty. Meantime, our pilot, Nikitin, had come; our men worked heroically transferring the vast quantity of baggage and supplies from the dock to the train which was prepared as soon as possible for our departure. In fact, those who were not ill were too busy during our four days in Petrograd to see any of its wonders. On the surface it would appear that great poverty prevails among the masses,

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creating an enormous number of professional beggars; there are no sanitary regulations, and disease, especially cholera, was prevalent; there was a serious lack of clothing and food, and an orgy of speculation seemed to be going on.

On the evening of August 10 our train left Petrograd in a thunder-shower. There was one second-class coach containing six large compartments, four upholstered berths to each, opening off a corridor; two fourth-class coaches with wooden bunks; and about nineteen box cars. The families with young children occupied the second-class coach, the remaining families occupied the fourth-class coaches, and the single men slept in wooden bunks which they built in the box cars. There was a kitchen car, and meals were served at long stops, when we lined up on the tracks below and received our plates of food; our cups of soup, tea, or cocoa; knife, fork, and spoon. These were either carried, poised precariously, into coaches, or we ate sitting on the rails, while the ever-present beggars gathered to watch us—not a pleasant environment to dine in.

The train moved very slowly with a gentle, lulling motion, stopping at every station, sometimes for hours. At first the engine burned wood, so that at night burning embers would fly past our windows in a shower like stars. The landscape throughout Russia was lovely. The rolling meadows were bright with wild flowers and here and there a wooded stretch of slender white birch trees. The grain was being shocked in the fields, most of the cutting being done with sickles, and gave promise of abundant harvests. But at the stations there were always crowds of ragged, vermin-covered beggars, increasing in numbers after we crossed the Volga and got to the northern edge of the famine district. The emaciated children would stand beneath our windows, make the sign of the cross, and repeat in plaintive tones: "Daete mne khleb (Give me bread)," but if food was given to them, they did not gratify us by eating it, but would tuck it away to sell in the markets. One member of our party gave a little beggar one of her blankets when she found him curled up on the platform of the second-class coach one chilly night. But in the morning he was put off at a station, whereupon the little rascal took the blanket into the town and sold it for one million rubles (about thirty cents) and half a loaf of black bread.

As we neared the Ural Mountains the scenery changed to hilly country covered with pine and fir forests. Nikitin left us at Ekaterinburg, to change trains for Nadejenski, the other Kuzbas concession. When we left the Urals and progressed into Siberia the country became monotonously flat and full of mosquitoes. It had rained at frequent intervals and the desolate little stations were mudholes. As we neared Omsk, the former seat of the Kolchak government, signs of fortifications were to be seen, remnants of barbed wire entanglements, and trenches grown up with wheat. We were warned not to put our heads out the windows or stand on the platforms while crossing a great steel bridge, heavily fortified, over the River Ob. The train was held up outside Omsk for a day and a night, drawn up beside a cholera morgue—a barn to which the bodies of cholera victims were carried and from there transferred to cars. After a day in this horrible place the chief of the party appealed to the local Cheka for aid in getting an engine to move us. In a few hours a "Red Star" engine (that is, an engine which has been under fire in the revolution) came up and pulled us out at a lively clip.

On a hot day, the 25th of August, we arrived at Kemerovo. Seen from a distance it looked a pretty place, with the River Tom dividing the town and on the opposite side the log houses, with their green roofs, located on hills covered with birch and pine trees. Across the river runs an aerial tramway, carrying iron buckets of coal from the central shaft of the mines to the chemical plant on the other side.

Our reception at Kemerovo was even more devoid of enthusiasm than at Petrograd. S. J. Rutgers, a Dutch engineer, who is head of the Management Board, Mr. Pearson and his wife, who had come ahead of the group via Moscow, and Bill Haywood, a huge figure in loose, gray Russian blouse, were there to meet us. There seemed to be a feeling of resentment in the colony at our coming, since there were not enough houses for the three groups already here. Mrs. Pearson pointed out her home across the river, a handsome stone house standing on top of the cliff, and said that we were to share their two rooms with them and the three children. A Russian boy came up in an old work wagon and we piled our baggage and blanket and mattress roll on the rough boards, then climbed up, and with our feet hanging over the sides bumped down the lane to the river's edge. Here the wagon was driven aboard a horse ferry—a boat propelled by four horses at a treadmill.

The "Mine Side" of the river, as distinguished from the "Chemical Side," is very hilly, with a deep ravine running through the village. There is a row of log barracks where the single men of the colony live, log cottages and picturesque dugouts where the Tartars dwell, their naked children playing about the doorways. The "Stone House" or "Dom Priezich" (Guest House) is the best house in the village. It was built for the Russian superintendent of the mines by Austrian war prisoners in 1915. It has ten rooms, built all on one floor, wide halls, high ceilings, white woodwork and plastered walls attractively decorated by hand in colors. There are electric lights, a telephone of a quaint Swedish make, and running water piped from a tank filled each day by a water wagon which carries water in barrels from the spring behind the house. Rutgers and the rest of the Management Board live here. When we arrived, all but three rooms, including the pantries and bathroom from which the tub had been removed, were occupied by innumerable Russian families. Since then they have moved into other quarters. Only one Russian family remains; the old woman of this family tells about the terrible days when Kolchak's forces overran this section and were quartered in the Stone House. Battles were fought across the river, the Whites on the Mine Side, the Reds on the opposite bank; engineers and technicians at the mines were maimed and killed.

For a month after our arrival here the chief engineer and his wife not only shared their two rooms with us, but also their bed. Their household goods did not come until the fifth group arrived, and as we had the only mattress in the family we put two three-quarter wooden beds (without springs) together and laid the double mattress lengthwise across and thus had a luxurious "community bed" for the four of us. Rutgers said we were the kind of communists one reads about in the American press! The houses, especially the log cottages and barracks, are infested with cockroaches and bedbugs, but these are being gradually eliminated. The Russian stoves are built—of brick covered with clay and whitewashed—into the corners of each room, reaching almost to the ceiling, in most cases with the doors opening into the halls. They are kept well packed with coal and slowly the brick wall inside gets heated through.

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There are two main community dining-rooms, one on either side of the river. The long tables are covered with dark oilcloth, and gray enamel dishes. Roaches have been much in evidence on the whitewashed log walls, and likely to drop down on the food at any time. The food is plentiful and well cooked, though the diet is too starchy; you even grow to like the black bread, sour, soggy, and inclined to mold, and to remember without a pang that sometime in the dim past you tasted white bread. Once in a while delicious fresh butter comes on the table, but it soon disappears before the onslaught of hundreds of greedy knives. Fresh vegetables and meat, eggs, milk, and honey are fairly plentiful, but sugar, white flour, fruit, and soap cannot be obtained outside the imported colony supplies. Those who prefer to do their own cooking are given *pyocks* (rations) for ten days. Soap and tobacco are rationed monthly. All colony members except children and mothers of infants must do useful work. In return the workers receive food, shelter, and certain winter clothing such as fur caps and gloves and felt boots. A community laundry launders ten pieces weekly for each worker. A shoe shop repairs shoes. We get along very nicely without money in Kuzbas Colony.

Russians working for the colony are paid either with meals or *pyocks*, but on a much lower scale than the colony members. The Russian trades unions have established seventeen categories of labor with the humblest work such as scrubbing and driving teams in the lowest categories, graded in like fashion up to the engineers in the seventeenth. The living conditions of the mass of the Russians are wretched; underclothing is unknown to them and they face the bitter winter with only their old sheepskin coats, fur caps, and felt boots to cover their rags. Yet they are a happy, friendly people. An attempt on the part of the colony to increase the *pyocks* of the Russian workers was prevented by the Russian trades unions, who fear that we will "spoil" them.

On September 3 the first Kuzbas "White Feather" group departed for America. About twenty members severed their connection with the colony and waived all claim to the three hundred dollars paid into the organization by each colonist. They were given a month's supply of food and transportation to Petrograd. But advices received from time to time would indicate that misfortune has followed them. Without special dispensation traveling in Russia is extremely precarious. They were delayed for weeks in Novo Nikoliovsk, a few hundred miles from here. Bill Haywood, returning to Moscow some time after their departure, found them on his hands when he arrived there. The latest news is that they may spend the winter in Petrograd. Some left Kuzbas because they were dissatisfied with living and working conditions; others had proved to be misfits and troublemakers; still others were just plain homesick.

In spite of overwork the colony attempts to keep up some social life. There are occasional dances, and a players' club has already given "Suppressed Desires," by Susan Glaspell, in the Norodny Dom (People's House), which is a well-equipped little theater owned by the Russian trades unions. It has a seating capacity of two hundred, a stage with curtain, footlights, and other electric connections, dressing-rooms, scenery, and properties. The Russians give plays frequently and their dramatic director is eager to cooperate with us. On the other side of the river is a larger theater, seating eight hundred. As the river transit is uncertain and most of the colonists live on the Mine Side we cannot give plays there until the river is frozen. A school for the eighty colony children struggles for existence without proper housing, textbooks, or supplies. The schoolrooms are used after school hours for library and reading-room—we have several thousand volumes and a number of periodicals.

Inevitably the single men are finding mates among the native Siberian girls. There are certain civil formalities required by local authorities, but an American electrician wished to have his marriage to Dusa Abdovena solemnized with a real ceremony. We dressed the bride in American clothing in place of the scant garments she owned. The wedding service had been carefully couched in words which made no reference to a deity and could not offend even the most hidebound Communist. After the ceremony, wedding drop cakes and cocoa were served. The banquet was concluded with an unexpected gift of luscious red tomatoes, brought in by a Russian neighbor, and served with salt. We rowed across the river in bright moonlight, and at midnight, just as the Red Guard called his post by tapping on wood, we climbed the stairs built up the side of a steep bluff and crossed the ravine in perfect security.

The industrial life of Kuzbas Colony I touch upon with diffidence. Such disorganization prevails, there are so many conflicting factions, that it is impossible to give a clear, unbiased view of it. The Kemerovo industries consist of the mines, chemical plant, power plant, sawmills, and logging and brick kiln. The coal mines are the main industry, but have been only partially worked by the Russians with primitive methods and machinery, and are in a bad state of repair. The coal supply seems, however, inexhaustible, and the American chief engineer, Pearson, expects to increase the output 50 per cent next year if his program goes through. But without up-to-date machinery and modern methods the workers from America cannot hope to increase the Russian output or even reach it, as they are not accustomed to working under such great handicaps. The chemical plant has been running without equipment and supplies. Under proper conditions it would be second in importance to the mines by utilizing the by-products of the coal, which, being rich in coal tar, is particularly valuable for that purpose.

The American colony has been operating under the most difficult conditions. The Russian management was in full control up to the first of October, with the American management subordinate to it. The American general office (*Amerikanski kontora*) has two rooms in the large, stone office-building of the Russian administration. All transactions, requests for supplies, etc., had first to be translated by our interpreter and referred to the Russian office. The *Amerikanski kontora* is crowded all day with heads of the various departments and Russians applying for work or on other business. There is a hubbub of voices speaking Russian, broken Russian, Finnish, and broken English. One seldom hears good English spoken, as only a small percentage of Kuzbas Colony are American born—about 10 per cent.

On the first of October the Americans began taking over the plants. As many of the Russian technicians are counter-revolutionary, not only did they manifest a natural jealousy of American engineers coming in to supplant them, but they very possibly committed sabotage further to hamper the efforts of the colony. Added to this we are faced with the fact that many of the people sent over have not the proper qualifications, and those who are industrially qualified have

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not the necessary modern tools and machinery with which to work.

The foremost blunder of the American Organization Committee was to send three groups of workers before it was able to send a mining engineer. The preliminary step should have been to send an engineer and staff to survey the industries and report the findings and recommendations. Then the workers should have been shipped as needed to fill specific places. Now, with a colony of four hundred people, including 233 men, 80 women, and 80 children, on their hands to carry through the winter, the Management Board must begin at the beginning. A preliminary survey has already been made and a report written. This report, besides giving a survey of present conditions, makes detailed plans for a modern city to be built around the Kemerovo mines, with homes not only for the colony but for the 10,000 native Russians in this vicinity, who will supply all of the unskilled and some of the skilled labor for the plant. It also calls for a model farm of 6,000 acres to feed this population. The report includes detailed lists of machinery and supplies to be purchased in America and Germany totaling millions of dollars.

On October 5 Rutgers left for Moscow to submit this report to the Soviet Government. The fate of Kuzbas hangs on its decision.* If the plans go through, Kuzbas Colony, in line with the new economic policy of the Soviet Government, will be a capitalistic enterprise under state control. The workers will be paid according to the American wage scale and a similar standard of living will be furnished on a money basis. We will thus attain not quite what we left our homes in America to realize, but something of practical value to Russia, nevertheless. We will establish in a great, undeveloped country where the standards of living are very low a modern American city, which will support a native population of 10,000 people, and serve as a model for the rest of Russia. We will build up a modern mining industry which will raise production in Russia materially. Yet it is unlikely that a majority of the present personnel of the colony will remain to see the dream of a practical, bourgeois engineer materialize. The type of rebel that answered the call for pioneers to help the Workers' Republic will not be content with such a consummation or fit into this program.

Whatever the future of Kuzbas, the present concern is solely to provide food, clothing, and shelter for the colony through the winter. In any case the importation of workers from America, except certain specialists, will cease. The romantic period of Kuzbas colonization is a closed book.

Contributors to This Issue

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Clement Wood's article in The States series, Alabama: A Study in Ultra-Violet, *will appear in the next issue of* The Nation.

* The New York office of Kuzbas announces that the Soviet Government has approved the plans for the development of the colony at Kemerovo.

"Bloody Williamson County"

By EDWARD A. WIECK

[*Five men are now on trial for their lives in Williamson County, charged with the murder of certain strike-breakers in the town of Herrin during the mine strike last summer. The county has been called "Bloody Williamson" in the press of the country and Herrin an outlaw town. The actual social background of the tragedy is here described.*]

ORTHODOX in its religion, politics, and unionism; orthodox in its general outlook on life; a county where everyone professes to a religious creed of some kind and skepticism is noticeably absent; where politics are ruled by the old parties and the nonconformist is looked upon as an extremist; where the workers are organized one hundred per cent and it is heresy to question the established labor movement—that is Williamson County. Radical doctrines don't "take" in Williamson County and no expression of them is welcomed. Its religion has come down unchanged from the pioneer and the circuit-riding preacher; its political preferences are expressed through an overwhelming majority for the Republican Party; and its labor unions adhere strictly to the policies laid down by the American Federation of Labor. Notwithstanding their introduction to industrialism through coal, the people of Williamson County, as elsewhere in southern Illinois, follow in the ways of their fathers.

Long before the settlement of the northern Illinois prairies by the New Englanders, pioneers crossing the Ohio River from Kentucky, Virginia, and the Carolinas were clearing the low wooded hills of the south. But life was hard in these foothills of the Ozarks—unlike the fat, black land of the prairies, the soil here was yellow and thin—and southern Illinois, though early settled, grew slowly in population while the rest of the State forged ahead. Untouched by other tides of immigration, with poor whites followed by poor whites, the character of its people after a hundred years was practically unchanged. In this isolated country of poor farms the primitive customs and ideas of the pioneer were handed down from generation to generation. And then came coal. The isolation was broken and a new era began. With it came railroads, new towns, and strange races. Williamson, in the heart of this section, was the first to awaken and today stands second in tonnage among the six big coal-producing counties of southern Illinois.

Labor for the mines was recruited largely among the natives, augmented by fresh arrivals of their kin from the Southern States and to a lesser extent by miners from the older coal-fields of Illinois. As the development extended some European immigration drifted in, but the old American stock still dominates. Especially is this true of Williamson County, where 91 per cent of the population is native born. The past twenty-five years have dotted the Williamson County landscape with mine tipples and threaded it with railroad tracks. Old towns have changed and new towns have appeared. But, as of old, each summer day a fog of yellow dust drifts slowly over the countryside from the highways which in winter become a sea of mud. At night a malarial mist hangs in the low places. Wielding the pick, the native, too, is much the same as when he drove the plow or cleared the woods.

Religion has been and still is the dominant factor in the lives of these people. The Baptist, Methodist, and Christian

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faiths coming down from pioneer days predominate, although practically all of the Protestant denominations are represented. The Catholics came with the foreigner and their number is small. Marion, the county seat, has no Catholic church. Non-churchgoers may be found in Williamson County but the non-believer is not there. The old-time revival and doctrinal debates are still carried on with the zeal and fervor of pioneer times. All through the summer months the revival tents can be seen on the vacant lots of the towns and great throngs attend nightly. At the religious debates, conducted periodically and in session for days, people gather from over the countryside. At one of these debates held by the Baptists the question under discussion for four days was what kind of a Baptist one should be, the choice being, in this instance, between the Primitive Baptist and the Missionary Baptist. Recently one of the Marion papers carried a two-column advertisement, announcing a sermon by a local minister, "Man or Monkey, Which? or The Theory of Evolution Brought to Judgment." All were admonished to come early in order to get a seat. The principal of the township high school was to deliver an address before the sermon and between the two Darwin was expected to stand a poor show. At so high a pitch is this religious enthusiasm maintained that a burial service some years ago which consisted of an address by a friend and at which no preacher was invited to officiate, was the talk of the county for months. The bodies of the seventeen strike-breakers killed last summer were buried in a Herrin cemetery with services conducted by four ministers, representing as many faiths—not even the enemy could be laid to rest in that soil without benefit of clergy.

The miners of Williamson County are not organized politically. The president of the miners' sub-district organization is the State Senator from that district, elected on the Republican ticket. In the towns the mayors and other officials are miners or business men who are considered friends of the miners. Independent political parties have never gained a foothold in "good old Republican Williamson."

When the miners' union in Illinois pushed its way south little difficulty was encountered. In the hard strikes of the late nineties miners from central and northern Illinois went marching into "Egypt," holding meetings at pit-heads and relating the story of their struggle. The message of unionism came as a gospel of brotherhood to these new miners whom the operators were pitting against the strikers to the northward and they received it gladly. Unionism spread as rapidly as the industry developed. The same emotionalism that binds these people to their religion drew them to the union, and they cherish it with the same zeal, as they do their church. Once southern Illinois became organized it stayed organized, only two coal operators breaking faith with the men in the twenty-five years of its mining history—Leiter in 1904 and Lester in 1922.

The simultaneous development of the miners' union and the southern coal-field afforded a rare opportunity to observe how coal communities develop when left free of company domination. At most of the mines the companies threw up a few houses and at some of the more isolated mines company towns were built, but in most cases town sites were laid out and lots sold within reach of a number of mines in several directions. The bulk of the miners live in these towns and travel miles to their work. This made possible larger towns and lessened the isolation so common to mining communities. Better schools, reasonable housing comfort, and increased contacts with the outside world were benefits that followed. The buying and selling of land and the establishment of free towns brought prosperity to many landowners who before the mines were sunk struggled with poverty. The former owner of the town site or mine location became a business man with the miner as his chief patron. The coming of the mines brought him good times and anything that interferes with the prosperity of the miner interferes with his prosperity. The operator, in most cases an outsider, is too far removed to exert much influence. This explains why the business and professional men back the miners almost solidly in a strike.

In the towns a Main Street class has grown up but the lines are not clearly drawn. The newness of the towns, the influence of the church and fraternal orders, and the fact that some of the business men were recently miners and members of the union prevent a sharp cleavage. Paved streets, sewers, and other sanitary improvements have been supported and often initiated by the miners.

The leaders in the unions are likewise leaders in the churches. In the smaller communities the preacher is often a coal miner who works in the mine through the week and works for the Lord on Sunday. In the discussions at local unions Biblical phraseology and illustrations are frequently used to clinch a point of unionism. Public labor meetings, held under the auspices of the regular labor movement, are attended with enthusiasm and not infrequently opened with prayer. The industrial life of the towns has brought few social diversions. There are the movies, traveling carnivals and circuses, Labor Day, Fourth of July, and the County Fair, all annual occurrences with the exception of the movies, which alone run on forever. The most joyous social life is found among the foreigners who, unlike their Protestant brothers, see no wickedness in dancing. Mingling with them are the English and Scotch whom the natives call "Johnny Bulls." The Labor Day picnic sees natives and all nationalities joining in the pleasures of the day in happy, friendly intercourse—racial and religious differences and the clannishness of other times are forgotten on this occasion. Of course the standardized culture of small-town America has not failed to reach these coal communities, and the chautauqua promoted by the business men, the lyceum courses of the high schools, and the musicals of the woman's clubs are all there. But working-class culture is confined to the speeches delivered on Labor Day and to the occasional talks in local unions when a speaker comes to ask for funds to help labor elsewhere. Not even the labor temple with its library and reading-room exists in Williamson County.

In the more than one hundred years of Illinois statehood, the twenty southern Illinois counties popularly known as "Egypt" have been sterile in the production of men of prominence in the affairs of state. The Illinois Blue Book shows no Governor and only four United States Senators coming from that section and none within the last eighty years. General John A. Logan is a notable exception. Industry has broken the long isolation and has infused the population with new blood, but the transition from a rural to an industrial community has been too rapid for the people to keep pace. The union is there to stay. It will fall as an inheritance to the next generation of miners, not only to cherish and to hold but to shape toward a task challenging the intellect and imagination. Once the tide of emotionalism, deep in these people, is turned to cultural aspirations, the history of this coal region will be rewritten.

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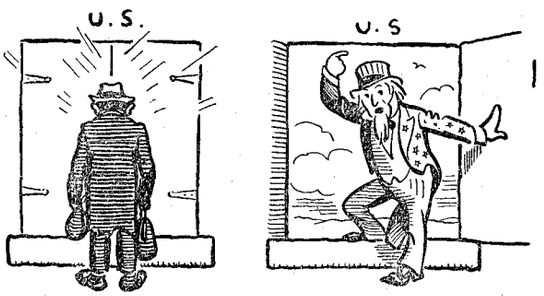
Looking On *by* Art Young

?

Scared

An Impertinent Inquiry

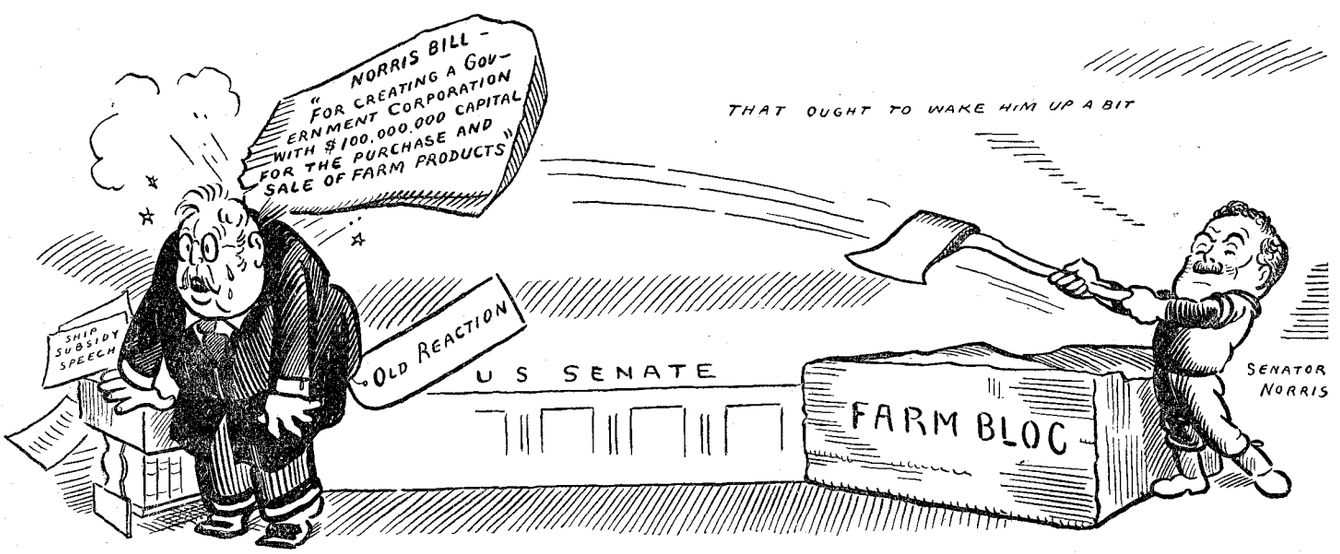
The Looker-On to International Capitalism: "Well, now what?"



Government by Spasms

Slam the door in the face of the immigrant and tell him you have no room for him.

And a year later wish you had been a little more hospitable.


"NORRIS BILL - FOR CREATING A GOVERNMENT CORPORATION WITH $100,000,000 CAPITAL FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF FARM PRODUCTS"
SHIP SUBSIDY SPEECH
OLD REACTION
U S SENATE
THAT OUGHT TO WAKE HIM UP A BIT
FARM BLOC
SENATOR NORRIS

A Chip Off the New Bloc

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The Darkness in Germany

By ROBERT DELL

Berlin, December 5, 1922

GERMAN public opinion is deeply pessimistic. Hostile action on the part of France is believed to be imminent and is expected to take the form not only of an invasion of the Ruhr Valley, but also of measures preparing the way for the separation of the Rhineland from Germany, such as were recommended in the report of M. Poincaré's emissary, M. Dariac. That report has confirmed the suspicion that M. Poincaré is less anxious to obtain payment of reparations from Germany than to secure those "territorial guaranties on the left bank of the Rhine" which he demanded in the spring of 1917 during the negotiations resulting from the letter sent to him by the late Austrian Emperor through the intermediary of Prince Sixte de Bourbon. The Dariac report has not been disavowed by the French Government, and it is clear from its content that M. Dariac was sent by M. Poincaré to the Rhineland, not to find a policy, but to recommend the most effective means of carrying out a policy already decided on.

In these circumstances everybody is asking what England will do if and when the French Government proceeds to enforce this policy, and the almost universal belief is that England will simply acquiesce, however unwillingly. Now that Lloyd George is no longer in power, people here are beginning to wonder why they had such confidence in his will and capacity to save Germany from ruin. It is now recognized that the Coalition Government has left a burdensome heritage to its successors and that its lack of any consistent policy is in large measure responsible for the present critical situation.

Official opinion is perhaps less pessimistic than that of the general public, but nevertheless it is intensely anxious. The public believes that Lausanne and Brussels will result in a bargain by which France will make concessions to England in the Near East in return for a free hand in the West. Although the danger of some such bargain is recognized in official circles, it is not considered very probable. It is thought almost incredible that England could agree to a policy of territorial aggrandizement on the part of France obviously opposed to British interests. When the new Chancellor, in his speech at the reception of the Berlin press on Sunday, said that the Rhineland must remain German, he spoke for the whole German people without distinction of class or party. Should the policy of the Dariac report ever become a reality the absurd fictions about a military alliance between Germany and Russia would become fact and another European war would sooner or later be inevitable. M. Clemenceau may try to persuade the American public—not, it appears, with any great success—that the German people is thirsting for a war of revenge. Everybody living in Germany knows how false is that assertion. The German people has at present one desire and one only—to be allowed to live. Certainly there is hatred of France in Germany, but that hatred did not exist at the time of the armistice; it has been entirely created by the action and policy of France since the armistice, and with a change in French policy it would soon disappear. The German people are pathetically anxious to be friendly with everybody.

The impression here is that M. Poincaré has a clear and definite policy but that the British Government has not yet found one. When one party to a negotiation knows what he wants and the other does not, the former usually gets his way. It is feared that the new British Cabinet will not have time to consider the situation in all its aspects, and may be taken by surprise. It is thought possible that M. Poincaré, who as an old lawyer knows the advantage of getting for the moment an instalment of what he wants and waiting for the rest, may induce Mr. Bonar Law to make, for instance, what would appear to be small concessions in regard to the Rhineland, which would in fact prepare the way for the complete achievement of French aims. But what is dreaded most of all is that the British Government may in disgust decide to return to the policy of isolation, withdraw its troops from the Rhineland, and leave the Continent to its fate and Germany at the mercy of France.

Such are the fears and opinions of those best qualified to speak for Germany, so far as I have been able to ascertain them. What makes the situation critical is that Germany cannot wait. A solution of the question of reparations is urgent. Without such a solution it is futile to talk of the stabilization of the mark or of the restoration of German national finances. And it may soon be too late for any solution. Prices are rising daily and discontent is proportionately increasing. The slight troubles that have already occurred in certain German towns are but preliminaries to the grave troubles that seem almost inevitable this winter unless a remedy be found. It is impossible for the German Government to balance its budget, or indeed to have a budget at all in present conditions. Estimates can be made only from month to month and are upset as soon as they have been made. The increase in public expenditure of which M. Poincaré has recently complained is but the inevitable consequence of the fall in the value of the mark and the resulting rise in prices. In the last month prices in Berlin have doubled. And M. Poincaré accuses the German Government of extravagance because it has increased the salaries of its officials. What else can it do? Even now many of them are worse paid than unskilled laborers and have not enough for bare subsistence.

It is true—and many Germans admit it—that Germany has not yet done all that could be done in the way of financial effort, but the reason is that the Government is not strong enough to demand the necessary sacrifices from the German people. And the reason why the Government is not strong enough is that Allied policy makes a strong Government impossible in Germany. Dr. Wirth's Cabinet was weak, no doubt, but Dr. Cuno's Cabinet will be just as weak, and so will any Cabinet, however it may be composed, until Allied—or French—policy is altered. The key to the whole internal situation of Germany is held by the Allied governments. A German Government that could show even a slight success in external affairs could ask the German people with confidence for all the sacrifices necessary. If reparations are the sincere aim of all the Allied governments, it is possible to obtain them only by a change of policy. Germany will pay if she is asked to pay a reasonable sum under reasonable conditions and is given a reasonable time in which to pay it. But she must not be paralyzed by the continual menace of "sanctions" and invasions and must be freed from the suspicion, for which there is too much ground, that the demand for reparations is insincere and is only an excuse for sinister designs on German territory.

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The Public Loses the Shop Strike

By EVANS CLARK

IT is possible to measure in one lump sum what the labor policy of the executives which precipitated the shop strike has cost the railroads themselves; the bill for three months in operating revenue actually decreased and in lost opportunities for increased revenues was approximately $221,500,000. What this policy has cost the public, however, can never be accurately measured in terms of dollars and cents. This part of the story is too big and too complex to be enmeshed in a single figure. It can only be told in terms of lost production, delayed and damaged shipments, coal famines, immeasurable inconveniences, and, possibly, higher railroad rates.

This last item is likely to become the most important. A great wave of protest against present shipping costs is sweeping through the West and Northwest. It will soon break against the Interstate Commerce Commission in a concerted drive for drastic reductions. Already petitions to this end have begun to be heard by the commission. Recently an unobtrusive but important news item in the New York *World* stated that the railroads were preparing evidence to resist these demands for rate reductions. In spite of the large traffic this year the roads will claim that net earnings are not sufficient to yield a fair return on valuation. That is, of course, a fact—judged by the standards of the Transportation Act. Net income in March touched the peak since 1920 at a point only a shade below 6 per cent. In August and September, however, it had dropped between 2 and 3 per cent. Preliminary October figures indicate only a 4 per cent return. There is every reason to suppose that the commission will be deeply impressed by this particular argument, even though the losses resulted from the policies of the executives themselves. It is difficult to see how they could help it under the terms of the present law. But if rate reductions are refused on this ground the cost of the strike may be passed on to the shippers and to the public in rates and prices unnecessarily high. A freight rate 10 per cent higher than necessary would represent a cost to shippers of about $360,000,000 a year.

This probable future cost of the strike, however, is rooted in costs that have already been met; both producers and consumers have already paid many millions of dollars for the labor policy of the executives. The movement of traffic on American railroads from July to the present time has been more disorganized than at any time in history. Not only has there been a record-breaking shortage of cars, but goods in transit have been, and still are, subject to extraordinary delay. The previous car-shortage record was 145,000 during the summer and early fall of 1920. Every week from the beginning of October well into November this year there was a greater shortage than the previous 1920 record. The high point of 179,000 was reached in November. Even when cars have been available shipments have been taking from two to fourteen times as long as usual to reach their destination. The Philadelphia Federal Reserve Bank reports that Pacific Coast grocery shipments take twice their usual time in transit; shipments from Philadelphia to New York take as long as two to three weeks when the usual time is 24 hours.

It is not fair to lay the blame for this condition of affairs exclusively on the labor policy of the executives. Delays can be attributed almost entirely to the effects of the strike, but car shortages cannot. Engines in need of repair were increased by the strike to almost 30 per cent. The scarcity of cars, however, was due to two causes: a less than normal supply and a more than normal demand. The demand would have occurred regardless of the strike. The scarcity of supply was due largely to the strike but partly to the fact that even the normal supply is not sufficient to meet an exceptional demand.

What the condition of railroad equipment this fall has meant in the movement of grain has been stated by President Barnes, of the United States Chamber of Commerce:

> From the first of September until the first of October, in the very height of the crop-moving period of this country, the main channel of export outlet for grain in America, from Buffalo to New York, was practically closed. For thirty days the four great trunk lines that serve that channel of movement contracted no grain for movement. The grain moved from the West until it had congested and exhausted the elevator facilities of Buffalo—18,000,000 bushels.

The closing of the railroad grain channel caused water-route rates to rise rapidly. In 30 days the foreign price of wheat advanced 25 cents, while corn went up 20 cents a bushel. American prices rose from 10 to 15 cents. In October there were over 50,000 carloads of wheat received at the various inspection points. Inadequate transportation raised the cost to the consumer of those shipments alone some $825,000,000.

Back in the country the farmers were meeting their share of the trouble. Reports in November published in the New York *Evening Post* showed that forty-nine towns in southwest Kansas had 75,000,000 bushels of wheat available which could not be moved. The National City Bank *Review* for December states that no less than 400 country elevators in Kansas were completely shut down because their bins were full. What this has meant on a national scale is shown in the Department of Agriculture reports. The wheat crop this year was 102 per cent of what it was last, and yet receipts of wheat at principal points from July to October this year were 74.5 per cent lower. Conditions in the Northwest are worst of all.

Wheat is only one item. The same story has been told in farm and trade journals all over the country of every other crop and of every branch of trade and industry that cannot ship by motor trucks. Coal is a spectacular index of the public cost of the railroad collapse. The United States Geological Survey publishes weekly figures showing the amount of full bituminous coal production lost because of "transportation disability" in twenty States. Toward the end of October the proportion lost rose to just under 40 per cent. In some States the loss reached 60 to 70 per cent. This is a staggering loss to the miners, the operators, and the public. The public pays a higher price for its coal—Secretary Hoover in his annual report puts the increase due to railroad failures at 20 per cent this year; and the miners and operators pay in decreased wages and profits. What the railroad situation has meant in the supply of anthracite coal is now being measured by hundreds of thousands of householders in terms of the coal bins in their cellars. An investigator for the New York *Globe* sent recently to the coalfields of Pennsylvania came back with the same story. "Crippled Engines and Stalled Trains Reveal Cause of Coal Crisis," said the *Globe* headline of December 21; "Production at Mines Far Exceeds Capacity of Railroads to Move Fuel; Equipment Rusts on Rails as Green Labor Replaces Striking Shopmen."

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In the Driftway

THERE is one tradition of a newspaper office to which the Drifter is unalterably opposed: that is telling an entire story, including the addresses of the parties concerned and the color of their eyes, in the first sentence. For example, in a New York daily he reads a tale that begins something like this: "His offer of marriage rejected, John Smith, twenty-five, a prosperous locksmith, shot and mortally wounded Lucy Jones, eighteen, a pretty Cuban, in her home at No. 635 West Eighth Street at 7:30 last night, and half an hour later under dramatic circumstances killed himself in his home at No. 750 West Eleventh Street." Now when the Drifter reads a sentence like that he wrings his hands and bursts into violent tears. Where is the suspense without which life would be unendurable? What were the dramatic circumstances? And what does Lucy's address contribute to a tale of unrequited love, murder, and suicide?

* * * * *

RIGHT here the Drifter proposes to give a little lesson in reporting. From Liberia he has received the following story which all news writers, city editors, copy men, and other destroyers of chronology and pertinence would do well to read. With the simple heading Tragedy the account begins thus:

On the evening of the 14th. of September—Monrovia was alarmed at the news that Faulkner's Hotel was on Fire—crowds rushed to the scene but as there were no hopes of saving the building and nothing therein—all stood by and gazed on. The inmates of the Hotel told the Public that one Mr. Joseph Copeland had taken a Lamp and gone down in the cellar to look for a moving picture film "Rock of Ages" that they did not see him come up but saw smoke coming up from that direction.

Mr. Faulkner the owner of the Hotel was not on the scene he was away at the Bar Mouth where he is engaged by the Government in cutting a new Bar—He came runing barefeeted to the scene and twice attempted to fly into the flames. Mr. Faulkner stated on being interviewed by me that it is almost impossible for him to think out the cause of the fire, that there was nothing of an unflamable nature in the cellar. That he had instructed Copeland from time to time not to carry a Lamp among the Films. . . . A search was made for Copeland among the ruins and about two and a half feet of his body was found —one leg—one arm—his Heart and Liver. . . . The Spanish Consulate also caught Fire and was burned down. . . . This is a moral lesson to Liberia. Faulkner's Hotel disregarded the Sabbath and was the meeting ground of young Girls for the forming of their immoral ideas. Faulkner is a deacon of Church and at the same time a Sunday Wine Seller.

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER has not space to point out the numerous merits in this tale. But he knows very well how it would have been treated in New York: "In the absence of John Faulkner, the proprietor, Faulkner's Hotel at Seventh and River Streets was burned to the ground and Joseph Copeland, a waiter, of 650 South Street, was burned to death at 7 p. m. last night when he went into the cellar, in which motion-picture films were stored, with a lamp." Just that and nothing more: no climax, no details, no moral, nothing to make a man ever want to read news. If the Drifter had a radio outfit—forbid it, Heaven!—he would broadcast the story of Mr. Copeland to every little journalism pupil in the country. THE DRIFTER

The Cargo of the Lusitania: An Official Statement

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My report on the S.S. Lusitania was published in answer to demands which have been increasing since the armistice. Through the courtesy of the New York *World*, the Lusitania report was substantially published on Monday, December 4, but I judge from letters received since then that there is still considerable doubt about certain questions affecting the cargo on the Lusitania.

On May 1, 1915, there was no circumstance which should have called particular attention to the departure of the Lusitania, as there were dozens of ships sailing from the port of New York during that period with larger consignments of small-arms ammunition and other military supplies, the export of which was permitted by law. Subsequently, a committee of super-patriots of both parties in the United States Senate were preparing to expel Senator La Follette for his St. Paul speech. These gentlemen denied Senator La Follette's statement in that speech that the Lusitania had sailed with ammunition on board. To prove his contention Senator La Follette demanded from the Treasury Department a copy of my report on the Lusitania. The Treasury Department replied that the report had been sent to the Department of State. And when he demanded the report of the Department of State he was told that the report had gone into the archives as a secret document and could not be divulged. To refuse a United States Senator access to an official document which would aid him in making his defense seemed such an outrageous proceeding that I gladly gave Senator La Follette's attorney a copy of the Lusitania report and offered to take the witness-stand to authenticate it. But I have never contended that Germany had any legal or moral right to sink the Lusitania without first exercising visit and search and without first giving an opportunity to all on board to seek safety in the life boats.

At the time of the La Follette investigation it was estimated that there were between ten and eleven tons of black powder in a particular consignment of forty-two hundred cases of Springfield cartridges listed among the small-arms ammunition on the Lusitania's manifest. Back in President Taft's Administration ordnance experts of the Government had ruled that such small-arms ammunition could not be exploded by fire or concussion and, therefore, could be carried safely on passenger ships. But a theory has been frequently advanced that the torpedo striking the Lusitania and making contact with this particular consignment of cartridges might have generated enough heat together with the shock simultaneously to explode all this black powder, even though the powder was protected by the metal coverings of the individual cartridges. As to the probable accuracy of this theory, I know nothing.

Statements have been made that there was a second explosion on the Lusitania after the torpedo struck the ship. Whether this second explosion was due to bursting boilers or to the ignition of other explosives is mere speculation. Even if there had been a second explosion, this would not justify the action of the German submarine captain in launching the torpedo against the sides of the Lusitania without warning.

Many ships in those days were stopped by me as Collector of the Port of New York and compelled to unload all or such part of their cargoes as were prohibited by law. But it would have been impossible to discover absolutely whether there were explosives on the Lusitania or on other ships unless such explosives were enumerated on the manifests of the ships or unless some suspicious circumstance attracted the attention of the men of the Neutrality Squad. For in the Lusitania report on page 6 I said:

It is practically a physical impossibility to examine the contents of each case and package that is put on board or attempted to be put on board each outgoing ship from this port. During

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the early stages of this European War, I personally gave great thought and attention to the question of verifying the contents of packages and cases to be shipped on outgoing steamers. The particular purpose of such examination would be to ascertain if the contents of the package corresponded with the description of the contents in the sworn manifest. I called a conference here at the Custom House of the larger shippers at this port, together with the more experienced men of the customs service here, and, after a long discussion and exchange of views, it was decided that it would be entirely impracticable to make a physical examination of each package or case going into the cargo of an outgoing ship. The reasons upon which the judgment of impracticability were based were that the shipments of closed cases at that time, and all the greater now because of the increased export trade, were so tremendous that it would literally take an army of men to open and verify the contents of goods in closed cases, replace the goods, and reseal the cases. The expense to the Government would make it almost prohibitive. The delay to shippers and steamship companies would make it an untold hardship and inconvenience. The damage to goods would be immeasurable. Any of these reasons, in the judgment of the conference, would be sufficient to make impossible and impracticable a plan for the physical examination of all closed cases in outgoing cargoes. I was, therefore, obliged to abandon the project, except to the extent that orders were issued to the customs officials, and particularly to the members of the Neutrality Squad, to report at once to me any circumstance of a suspicious nature with respect to any cargo or any part of a cargo, in which case a complete and extensive examination and verification of the contents of the particular consignment of goods and cargo would immediately be made by the customs officials. This has been the utmost that could be done under the circumstances at this port.

I have always felt that the attack on the Lusitania was an unjustifiable crime, but that her quick sinking and great loss of life was contributed to by the negligence of the captain of the ship in having his port-holes open, in reducing the speed of the Lusitania from twenty-five to fifteen knots an hour in dangerous waters, and in failing to have his lifeboats swung out.

There are and doubtless will be doubts about many questions arising out of the sinking of the Lusitania. But I have wished merely to publish all the facts within my personal or official knowledge as a contribution toward the ultimate establishment of the complete truth.

New York, December 15 DUDLEY FIELD MALONE

Correspondence

Venizelos and the Murdered Greeks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to correct a serious misstatement of fact in Mr. Tatanis's article in your issue of December 13 justifying the execution of five Hellenic statesmen and one general by the Venizelist "revolutionary" Government in Greece, recently. Mr. Tatanis says: "The Revolutionary Government consists largely of former anti-Venizelists, higher officers who voted against Venizelos and in favor of Constantine and his Ministers in 1920." This is not true. They are not largely either higher officers nor anti-Venizelists—though some of them may have voted against Venizelos in 1920, it is true; 98 per cent of the Greek electorate did. The "revolutionary" Government consists largely of politicians, known, active partisans of Venizelos: Nicholas Politis, the Foreign Minister, has been Venizelos's right-hand man for years and held the foreign portfolio in the Cabinet created in 1916, when Venizelos fled to Saloniki and set up his own private government under the protection of the French; Diomedes, the Finance Minister, held a similar post under Venizelos before; while Rentis was one of the editors of Venizelos's own newspaper, the *Eleftheros Typos*, and ran Venizelos's propaganda for him in 1916. Colonel Plastiras, upon whom the British Minister, according to the New York *Times*, twice vainly urged clemency for the condemned men the night before their execution, was pronounced a Venizelist by *The Nation's* own correspondent in Greece. Calligas, Embericos, Dr. Doxiades, Kanellopoulos, and Krokidas, who was first Premier of the "revolutionary" Government, have all been followers of Venizelos, and only Colonel Stylianos Gonatas, the figure-head behind whom the politicians are hiding in the "revolutionary" Government, may be regarded as having been an opponent of Venizelos.

The thesis that the "revolutionary" Government in Greece is nonpartisan is, of course, maintained by those of Venizelos's followers who wish to free him from responsibility for the deaths of virtually all of his serious political rivals. M. Venizelos himself, however, does not give them much support. The New York *Tribune* quoted M. Venizelos, on November 30, as saying "that he would have permitted the executions of the condemned men if he had been head of the Greek Government." They were, he said, "traitors" and "criminals."

New York, December 15 PAXTON HIBBEN

The Lazy Public

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Driscoll's article in your issue of December 6 does not touch upon the most objectionable feature of the Kansas Industrial Court. This feature proceeds directly from the central idea of the court—the protection of public rights. In theory, this idea may be all right, but in practice it produces few desirable results. The court makes no attempt to get at the bottom of industrial troubles. It allows conditions in basic industries to remain unchanged, or to grow from bad to worse, and becomes concerned about them only when they have produced a situation too menacing to be neglected. It postpones investigation and action until further evasion of an issue is impossible, and then it hands out an arbitrary decision dependent upon law for its effectiveness. And the court not only fails to remove the causes of industrial unrest; it tends to induce the public to be indifferent about them. The public is given security in law; its means of subsistence, theoretically, cannot be taken away as the result of strikes. At the same time, its conscience is put to sleep by the supposition that this impartial court will deal out justice freely to all parties concerned in a dispute. In attempting to protect a lazy public, the Industrial Court enables it to evade the responsibilities that accompany its rights, and causes it to believe that the problem of industrial organization is solved as soon as its own interests are out of danger.

Madison, Wisconsin, December 7 CURTIS NETTELS

Scientist or Charlatan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with great interest Mr. Pierre Loving's letter in *The Nation* of November 1 regarding conditions in California, and I can entirely indorse every word he says, but I want to enter a brief protest against any mention of Coué as a "charlatan or bunk-artist." I venture the guess that he has written this without reading Coué's writings. I suppose Mr. Loving will admit the fact that we have a subconscious mind, and that this mind receives suggestions in hypnosis. If there is any way by which our conscious minds can give effective suggestions to the unconscious without intervention of any other person, that would be a discovery the importance of which could hardly be exaggerated. I have believed for twenty years that sooner or later somebody would solve the problem and tell us how to do this little trick. I think that Coué is the man. So far as I can see he is entirely scientific, very cautious in his statements, as simple and direct as possible, and in his thirty years of work he has never yet taken a penny from anyone. That doesn't quite fit the phrase, "charlatan or bunk-artist," and I should like to ask Mr. Loving to read his books and try it, and then write to *The Nation* again.

Pasadena, November 6 UPTON SINCLAIR

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Books

Ford: Pioneer, not Superman

My Life and Work. By Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. Doubleday, Page & Company. $3.50

EVERY consideration but one counseled me to decline the invitation to review this book. I am a shopkeeper, not a writing man. I believe that many careers have been retarded by biographies that deify the successful man and lead the reader to think that all the prizes go to the supermen, that men must depend upon miracles instead of paying the price of success in good health, straight thinking, and hard work. But I had to review this book because I regard it as one of the most significant books of this generation. And I conceive it to be my public duty to do everything in my power to bring it to the attention of the widest possible public. I believe that the business man who reads it understandingly, with an open mind, and with a resolute adjournment of all prejudice, will find in it the key to a great public service and a great private fortune. All this, provided he forgets that it is a biography and regards it as a guide-book of sound business principles.

This is, I realize, pretty emotional talk for a canny shopkeeper, so give me a paragraph in which to vindicate what I regard as my careful business judgment of this book and to state the reason for all these superlatives I have used. I am not trying to put a halo around Mr. Ford's head. I do not regard Mr. Ford as a miracle man who is always right in his judgment on every issue. I have differed from Mr. Ford on almost every issue he has dealt with, except the specific issues arising from Mr. Ford's career as an inventor, a manufacturer, and a distributor. Mr. Ford's significance lies in what he has done inside business rather than in what he has done outside business. If he had brought to the affairs of the world the same engineer-mind that he has brought to the affairs of his workshop, his Peace Ship would never have sailed. I think he has been misled and hoodwinked in his warfare against the Jew. I cannot follow him in his adventures in currency reform. I am not sure that his autocratic control of his employees is a sound basis for an industry that is to endure. It may be all right as long as he lives. It may be all right as long as the business is in the hands of a son who has been educated in and saturated by the father's intensely practical idealism. But business is, after all, a public trust. We have no right to organize industries so that they are wholly dependent upon our personal vision and good-will or on those of our immediate successors. We must search for principles that will be valid after we and our sons are dead or disabled.

Mr. Ford has given us the finest practical demonstration of those principles of mass production and mass distribution upon which I believe American business and industry will be forced to build during the next twenty-five years when our surplus energy, which we shall be unable to expend in foreign trade, will be used in fighting each other for domestic business. It is not alone the relation of this mass principle to business success that interests me, but also its far-reaching implications for the physical, social, intellectual, and spiritual future of mankind. May I say in passing how refreshing it is to come upon a great fortune—perhaps the greatest in the world—that is being discussed everywhere without slighting references being cast upon the way it was made. It rather jacks up our faith in human nature to realize that it has been possible for a man to make the greatest fortune of his generation by selling the best possible value at the lowest possible price.

In Mr. Ford we have an illustration of a fact we business men too often overlook, that a business man may render his greatest public service in and through his private business. We business men are too prone to regard our businesses as private ventures out of which we can make money with which we can later render public service. We are likely to forget, as some one has said, that statesmanship in business is more important than philanthropy outside business. Mr. Ford has rendered a very great public service by the mere fact of making it possible for the average man to own an automobile. He has thereby extended the range of life for the average man. When he substituted an automobile for a poky team of mules on the average farm he extended the range of the average farmer's life, to understate it, from five to fifty miles. City men may smile at the suggestion that it means much to the farmer that he can now drive fifty or seventy-five miles to a lecture course, a chautauqua, or a concert, but cities sometimes distort our sense of values.

Mr. Ford's success has not satisfied his vision. Manifestly he is past the point where the making of a few million dollars more or less can possibly thrill him. And yet at no time in his career has Mr. Ford been standing as eagerly on the bridge of the ship, looking into the future. The pages of his book that suggest this are good reading for those of us who are inclined to go the way of all flesh and, when we have achieved success, slump into a fat-bodied and fat-brained self-satisfaction. Mr. Ford has made incredible mistakes of judgment when he has dealt with affairs outside his business, but we should not allow the minor errors of a man's career to overshadow his basic significance. Let us, however, be on our guard against a notion that this and other biographies are likely to suggest. Mr. Ford, I feel sure, did not begin his business career with a well-worked-out philosophy or a definitely formulated set of principles. He began with something much better—a mind that refused to accept what is, as final. When he entered the field the experts regarded the automobile as a luxury. Ford naively set out to make it a necessity. He was helped greatly by having grown up as a workman. He did not have the "class" point of view regarding inventions. He did not think of the automobile as an invention to be sold by the manufacturer; he thought of it as a thing to be used by the masses. To this day the consumer is the starting-point of every policy and every practice that Mr. Ford brings to his business. His great difficulty in getting capital in earlier years is undoubtedly the source of his present philosophy of finance. He did not begin his career as a born superman with an instinctive notion that a business should be financed inside its own shops instead of submitting to outside banking control. He arrived at this conclusion, and the other conclusions that today constitute his business philosophy, under the pressure of necessity. His principles grew out of his practice, and this accounts for the essential soundness of his philosophy.

Underlying everything he does are the two principles of mass production and mass distribution. This means that the overhead on each article is a negligible percentage. It is useless, of course, to produce things in enormous quantities unless you can sell them in enormous quantities. You cannot sell things in enormous quantities without reducing the price to a point where enormous numbers of people can buy. You cannot safely reduce the selling price of articles unless you reduce the costs of production. The iron logic of the situation drives you, once you have set out upon a policy of mass production, to wage a ruthless war on all forms of waste. It forces you to tax your energy and your imagination to devise ways and means for increasing the efficiency of every man and every machine in your factory. Mr. Ford has followed this logical course and has proved beyond question that it is possible to reduce prices, raise wages, shorten hours, and increase total profits at the same time.

The only way this program can be made to work is by taking the desires and the purchasing power of the consumer as the starting-point of all business planning. When Mr. Ford wants to increase his business he decides to what point he must reduce the price of his automobile in order to bring the purchase of an automobile within the range of possibility for a whole new section of the buying public. He accepts whatever he wisely

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guesses this price to be and announces it, despite the fact that the price decided upon may actually be lower than the cost of production and distribution at the time. He holds up the fact of a price that may be below existing costs of production and distribution as a challenge to his entire plant. He reasons that if this is as high a price as can be paid or will be paid by as large a buying public as he wants, it is up to him to find ways and means of producing cars at a cost less than that price. This bringing of the consumer's point of view into price-fixing must, I believe, play a part in all sound business building for the future.

I wish that space permitted an attempt to visualize what a Fordized America would be like. I can only hint at it. It would, I believe, ultimately make possible a much shorter working-day. It would make possible higher real wages. It would give mankind a margin of leisure now unknown. Men would be able to spend, say, five hours a day in providing food, clothing, shelter, and insurance against the future, and still have five hours left to devote to an avocation that would broaden the mind and give every man's latent creative abilities a congenial outlet. The ground would be cut from under the roving unrest which today cries aloud for communism and other specifics. The bread-and-butter side of existence would be taken care of without absorbing all of the time and energy of mankind. The higher real wages and the shorter hours which the Ford philosophy makes possible would give men that economic freedom which is the starting-point of all other kinds of freedom. It would make higher education the common property of mankind. I do not want to spoil the good business reputation of the Ford idea by allying it with what might seem to some a Utopian future. But the only Utopias we shall ever really achieve will come from the practical application of the kind of hard-headed business principles which underlie Mr. Ford's success.

What will happen to his business when Ford dies? It may go on very well in the hands of a son who has been raised in the atmosphere of his father's philosophy. Is the one weak spot in the Ford system its undemocratic organization? I am not suggesting that business can be democratized in the sense of a New England town meeting. Business democracy must be a workable democracy. It cannot get along without strong leadership. The last word hasn't been said on this subject. We have to find some way of uniting in one coherent system the best elements of autocratic business administration and the best elements of political democracy. What will happen when the sons of Ford's workmen work in the factory controlled by Ford's son, or when the grandsons of Ford's workmen work in a factory controlled by Ford's grandsons? Will they not only demand but be fitted for the assumption of greater responsibility in the business? These are interesting questions into which space forbids me to go.

EDWARD A. FILENE

Porcelain and Clay

Mansel Fellowes. By A. M. Ludovici. London: Grant Richards. 6s.

"THE reason why women of the type of Mansel Fellowes are getting so scarce is because we modern men are no longer worthy of such women. We modern Europeans have grown so contemptible, and are so conscious of our unworthiness, that, arguing from our knowledge of ourselves, we were even obliged to regard the suttee as barbarous, because to us it was unthinkable that any woman could feel the death of her husband as the death of a lover without whom life was no longer possible."

This quotation gives the thesis of Mr. Ludovici's thought-provoking novel. It is a distinguished book of many facets. While the author is primarily concerned with his thesis, showing thereby a lack of the complete detachment of the artist, a definite enough story or "plot" emerges. Richard Latimer, a young Englishman of letters, has long been under the guidance of Dr. David Melhado, a brilliant Jew and a Harley Street specialist. Latimer is, in fact, largely the product of Melhado. He boards at the house of a Mrs. Fellowes, a capable little woman who has come down somewhat in the social scale. Her daughter, Mansel, is one of those women who seem to have something immortal about them, to have their roots in the antique world. She is the type portrayed by Conrad in "The Arrow of Gold" and by Hergesheimer in "Linda Condon." Latimer is curiously blind to her superiority. He leaves the Fellowes household for Bellington to visit his father, an Episcopal clergyman, with whom he is on distant terms.

In Bellington he renews his acquaintance with Gladys Morrison, a mediocre girl of a Catholic family who is intent on finding a husband before the passing of time leaves her definitely shelved. He also meets Father Jevington, the local priest. Jevington is a man of strong character and mentality and unwavering faith, and Latimer becomes very friendly with him despite his own expressed atheism. After placing a play in the hands of an agent Latimer decides to go abroad. But on the eve of his departure he receives an urgent message from Mrs. Fellowes to come to her as she is in great trouble. From the time that Latimer had left London for Bellington, Mansel had fallen into a decline. Melhado, called into consultation, senses that the trouble is psychic. She is obviously a victim of unrequited love, and at first Mrs. Fellowes taxes Latimer with having carried on a clandestine affair with the girl. Finally convinced of the injustice of the charge, she begs Latimer to pretend love for Mansel so that she may die in peace of mind. Believing that death is certain Latimer does so.

This requires little effort, for some dim conception of the girl's beauty of spirit and body begins to dawn upon him. He goes abroad, however, and meets the Morrison girl in Florence. Pure propinquity and dread of loneliness drive him on to propose to her and the engagement is announced. On returning to England, where his play has made a big success, Latimer is startled to receive a call from Mrs. Fellowes and Mansel. The girl had made an almost miraculous recovery on believing that her love was requited. Latimer now feels genuine love for her and is faced by an obvious dilemma. He calls a solemn conclave in which his father, Melhado, Jevington, and Gladys's parents participate.

The real struggle is between Melhado and Jevington. "She is thirty thousand times more Latimer's girl than Gladys Morrison," he declares. But Jevington urges with equal conviction the claims of Gladys. The priest prevails. Latimer becomes a Catholic, gives half his slender fortune to the church, and tells Mansel the whole story. Stunned, Mansel hurls herself over a cliff. The absurdity of worrying over the feelings of Gladys is shown by the fact that before the story closes the girl has voluntarily broken her engagement and is preparing to leave on a pleasure jaunt to Norway with her parents and a young curate for whom she is already angling as a substitute for Latimer.

In a word, the lump of clay is preserved and the porcelain is destroyed. The author mourns for a beauty which once existed and has vanished—one of two themes named by Joseph Hergesheimer as the only ones worth a novelist's attention. So many sided is the book that it might be set up as an argument for Judaism, for certainly Melhado the Jew is the only wise man, the only one with any grip on the essentials of life. When Jevington and Latimer's father quarrel violently he tells them: "I, the Jew, am your parent in the spirit. I begot you both, long, long ago. I cannot allow my offspring to fight in my presence in this way. I should be lacking in parental discipline."

The book even has the factor of comic relief afforded by the pompous idiotic harangues of Gladys Morrison's father, a peppery Anglo-Indian colonel, whose talk has been caught with extraordinary fidelity. All the characters have been completely realized and are portrayed in the round.

Mr. Ludovici is obsessed by a deep disgust at "this ghastly

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thin-faced time of ours." He thinks of the present age as so distinctly cut off from the past that he always spells it with a capital A. Latimer's weakness he ascribes to the fact that he was a man of the time, more comely than the average, with a higher intelligence, but sadly tarnished. He cannot choose for himself when faced with the greatest crisis of his life, but must call a consultation and have the matter decided for him.

The bent of Mr. Ludovici's mind is indicated by the title of a previous book, "A Defence of Aristocracy." Further evidence is furnished by a reference to "an England that once gave to the British world Strafford as a statesman, Hobbes as a philosopher, Laud as a churchman, Charles I as a monarch, and beauty as an example." His latest book will therefore stick horribly in the throats of the Babbitts should it be published in this country. The minority of intelligent and sensitive readers will be swept up in this strange novel, and will mourn with Melhado over the stupid human blundering which destroyed a creature so rare as Mansel Fellowes.

REX HUNTER

The First American

George Washington. By William Roscoe Thayer. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THE main facts of Washington's career are so well known that any new matter a biographer may record is likely, though interesting in the measure of its subject's uniqueness, feebly to justify a repetition of the usual details. It is well, however, to envisage the First American's life history occasionally as a reminder and to dispel the aureole of mythology, which, however it may be elsewhere, conduces in America to familiarity and a mild contemptuousness, a slackening of regard. This is especially true in the case of the other great American, Lincoln, who is lauded too often for the wrong reasons. Perhaps the most a biographer of the least plastic of historical figures—the most elusive, as Professor Channing calls him—can accomplish is by virtue of insight to elicit a "character," to draw out a portrait more actual than the very paintings and marble forms of the man. This is the object of Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, whose personality, long and fruitful labors in the interpretation of great historical characters, native and foreign, as well as his recent "Art of Biography" mark him out as eminently the man for the undertaking.

Mr. Thayer would disburden Washington from the absurdities of earlier biographers, especially the Reverend Mason L. Weems, from the stultified priggishness of the boy with the hatchet who couldn't tell a lie, and similar puerile inventions, through which many still view the great statesman and commander. In contrast with the bashful, rather helpless youth appears a young athlete, a general favorite and boon companion, an inditer of love-verses, an enthusiast of dancing: normal, that is to say. Fully equipped for life, however situated, though educated mostly from private study, he is equally at home in the rigorous wilderness, as surveyor, pioneer, Indian fighter, and companion to Braddock. But it is his life as planter that affords the most pleasurable scenes. Relieved early of all financial dependence through his inheritance of the comfortable fortune of his brother Lawrence, he was made wealthy by his marriage with Mrs. Custis. The wedding was a colorful pageant. The groom "in blue and silver with scarlet trimmings, and gold buckles at his knees, with his imperial physique and carriage" would not be outdone by the gorgeous apparel of the grandees, notably Governor Francis Fauquier. To the last Washington was punctilious in dress, and precise in his recommendations to his London tailors. He was an eager fox-hunter, and his meets were replicas of those in England, in full regalia. Losses at cards are carefully noted. The annual horse races were great occasions for Mount Vernon. Washington, in short, grave and placid naturally, an Olympian, was not the Sphinx that certain portraits resemble. In spite of the constant social intercourse at Mount Vernon he found time to read the books his London agent sent him; his letter to his step-son's tutor, regarding the young man's course of study, is orthodox in the best sense of the times. By the end of the ten years of comparative quiet after his marriage, and of agricultural pursuits, Washington's character was fully formed.

And yet to the last, through all his fiery travails, he remains "elusive." His perfect self-discipline renders it ostensibly so easy for him to surmount personal desires as to suggest their non-existence. Ardently desiring rest, wearied from his two terms as President, and regarding himself a very old man, he nevertheless consented to organize and lead the army in the war with France that appeared imminent. Violent indignation, or the expression of it, is noted but once in his life, when at Monmouth General Charles Lee deliberately, treacherously perhaps, threw away a battle already won, on the occasion when "the General swore like an angel from Heaven." He could enact comedy with the pompous Hancock, who as governor coveted precedence in his native State over the new President. Of gallantry there is constant evidence; of something like playfulness, inspired by young Nellie Custis; of humor less indeed, though it is not wholly lacking. "When I remarked that his observations were flattering to my country," the English actor Bernard says, "he replied with great good humor, 'Yes, yes, Mr. Bernard, but I consider your country the cradle of free principles, not their armchair.'" He was dignified without being cold, vain, or pedantic, and always grateful even for slight services. His affectionate leave-taking of his officers at the close of the war is a scene that lingers in the memory. Whether in the field, at the helm of state, or in a private capacity, Washington did the right thing unerringly, by instinct apparently, which nevertheless demanded his Sundays each week for solitary contemplation. He remains perhaps the only state-founder, as Mr. Thayer remarks, "who actually *gave* his service; for, loyal to his cause, he served through the entire eight years of the Revolution without any pay other than the reimbursement for necessary expenses. He was uncomplaining, unexcitable, undismayed even in the most somber situations, though succinct and direct in portraying them, tactful, patient, self-poised. His contemporaries agreed that "Washington excelled in his character, and if you analyze most closely you will never get deeper than that." His justification lay within himself. When scurrilously abused he wrote a friend, "I have a consolation within me that no earthly efforts can deprive me of." Such, I believe, are the salient features of the "character" which Mr. Thayer elaborates with admirable selection, sufficient documentation, and a style always arresting, sometimes vivid.

JOHN E. JACOBY

The Case of Somerset Maugham

On a Chinese Screen. By W. Somerset Maugham. George H. Doran Company. $2.

SOME day the historians of literature—a more philosophical tribe, it is to be hoped, than those who are with us—will ponder and analyze the case of William Somerset Maugham. His play "East of Suez" is running at this moment in New York, and it is as factitious and hollow a piece of theatric carpentry as one can see. The great public knew Maugham by his artificial and Scribesque plays alone until the publication of "The Moon and Sixpence," and even now it is only a narrow though very faithful and intelligent congregation that recognizes in him one of the few writers of the age in any language who has in his work what Newman would have called the "note" of greatness. He has style, high detachment, the melancholy tolerance that comes of a large grasp of mortal things, creative vision, and creative power. Beside his masterpiece "Of Human Bondage" the other important novels of the age seem small and dusty and fidgety and cramped. What remnant of unpurged disdain in him is it that makes him throw off these plays that

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would be harmless coming from a Pinero, that are intolerable coming from a master? His awareness is, of course, complete. He did not see the drama "Rain" which others have shaped out of his story in "The Trembling of a Leaf." He does not connect the theater with his real work.

Is it also this disdain which keeps him from more patient effort? He has not written a novel since "The Moon and Sixpence," and that book, brilliant and profound as it is, is but a fragment. He wanders about the world; he loiters in exotic places, watching, noting his impressions. He gathers himself sufficiently for a short story. Then he lapses to the easy brevity of the sketch. In it he can attain perfection—the perfection he now seeks: something large in effect and lapidary in workmanship, something clear, high, simple, pregnant. He has, in his latest volume, a brief, unobtrusive confession that touches the matter: "Read a page of Swift. The words are the same as those we use today and there is hardly a sentence in which they are not placed in the simplest order; and yet there is a dignity, a spaciousness, an aroma, which all our modern effort fails to attain: in short there is style." That is true. And yet there is something more which Mr. Maugham must also know. The Swiftian range of perception, emotion, thought, was limited compared with ours. Man has not only conquered new outer worlds but new inner ones. The modern writer must, from the nature of things, struggle and even agonize after expression. "Of Human Bondage" is so great a book partly at least because that struggle and that agony are so little visible in it and because its manner is of as Swiftian a simplicity and largeness as is conceivable when one considers the multiplicity and intricacy of the things that had to be expressed.

The sketches in "On a Chinese Screen"—one wishes that Mr. Maugham would drop the bad habit of beginning a title with a preposition—are all quite brief. They etch a scene or a character. If they express a mood it is one that has an intellectual implication and the color of that implication is commonly ironic. But the irony is never personal. It has no tinge of bitterness. It is merely the identification of the author's mind with the irony inherent in the nature of things, and behind it is his tolerance, understanding, quiet and all but impersonal compassion. He has long learned the lesson of the old nun he describes: "You must not ask from people more than they are capable of giving." He does not ask more. He does not protest or argue; he does not take sides or judge. The beauty and the pity of the world have become to him as a pageant. He gives us glimpses of that pageant rendered in a form as frugal, as precise, as permanent as he can make it. That seems to him the only effort worthy of a serious mind, all other efforts being doomed to busy futility and sordid failure in the end. L. L.

Cooperation

Consumers' Cooperative Societies. By Charles Gide. Translated from the French, with an introduction and supplementary chapter on cooperation in the United States, by James P. Warbasse. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

MUCH literature on Rochdale cooperation in Great Britain is available to Americans. This is practically the first book dealing with cooperation on the Continent, and in that field there is no higher authority than Charles Gide. He is not only an enthusiastic cooperator himself and an active participant in its activities for many years, but he is also an economist of some note, being professor of political economy in the University of Paris and the author of at least one textbook in use in American universities.

The book is a keen, critical study of the movement in its physical aspects, with some observations on its tendencies and its relations to other movements having as their objects the economic betterment of mankind. The well-balanced, almost detached, point of view and the readable style reminds one somewhat of the writings of our own John Graham Brooks, who comes near to making sociology as absorbing as fiction.

Despite his advanced years, Mr. Gide is essentially a modern writer on cooperation. Though a contemporary of the founders of the movement in his own country, who saw nothing in it but a penny-saving device for the poor, a bulwark against the rise of socialism, Gide's mind has kept pace with the most progressive leaders of the dynamic cooperation that has developed since the war. Like the Webbs, he sees in it the foundations of the socialism that will come, not by revolution, but evolution. In his mind there is no confusion between agricultural marketing associations, self-governing workshops, Schulze-Delitzsch or Raiffeisen credit banks on the one hand and consumers' cooperative organizations on the other. Not that he emphasizes the conflicting interests. But he draws the distinctions, as do the Webbs. Of consumers' cooperation he gives the impression of a vast, dynamic, rising, yet kindly, power, lifting common mortals into the sunlight.

This American edition of the British translation is rendered still more valuable to American students by Dr. Warbasse's chapter on the present status of cooperation in this country. Comparatively brief as it is, this chapter contains all the facts, presented by as good an authority as there is—president of our national federation of consumers' cooperative societies. Dr. Warbasse makes it plainly obvious that the American writer on cooperation no longer needs to preface his remarks with an apology for the dearth of cooperative activity in this country. Added to this are the copious footnotes by Cedric Long, also on the staff of the Cooperative League, drawing parallels and making distinctions between the salient features of the European and American movements. Altogether the reader of this volume may, with an effort considerably lessened by the easy style of its contents, add considerably to the sum of his knowledge of consumers' cooperation. ALBERT SONNICHSEN

An Explorer in New Guinea

Last Days in New Guinea. By Captain C. A. W. Monckton. Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.

CAPTAIN MONCKTON'S "Taming New Guinea" was so successful that he has written a continuation which describes the end of his career in that *terra incognita*. "Taming New Guinea" was an account of his earlier adventures when he was something of a Don Quixote. As an administrator, as he appears in this volume, he resembled Sancho Panza on his island. Precedent had no meaning for him. He met each situation with native shrewdness. He was at continual war with the bureaucrats of Port Moresby, and he scores them bitterly for trying to apply the standards of modern civilization to a virile race of savages who were still cannibals.

Captain Monckton's success lay in his instinctive understanding of primitive races. His rough and ready methods of administration were intelligible to them and won him prestige. He formed a constabulary of Binandere and other untamed tribes, and the loyalty they gave him was such that one of them fired upon his own kinsmen to protect the leader. With this picked corps Captain Monckton was able to penetrate into districts which had never been explored. The principal episodes of this book deal with the author's expedition to Mount Albert Edward and other ventures into unknown sections of the country. He was in poor health when he undertook the journey and had only native assistants, so that it is one of the most thrilling and heroic ventures in the annals of exploration. Captain Monckton believes that in New Guinea there are mountains which rival the Himalayas. He reports strange tribes and new species of mammals. He is a compound of Captain John Smith and Richard Burton, and his experience is an interesting chapter on the white man's burden. His book is well illustrated and has the best map of New Guinea which has yet been published. JOSEPH F. GOULD

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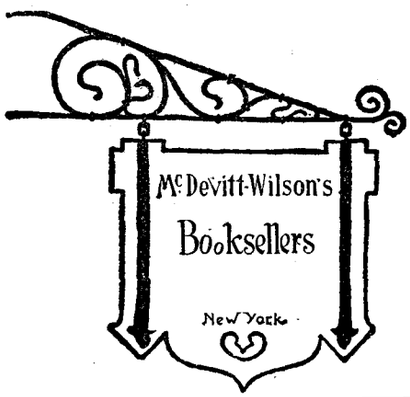

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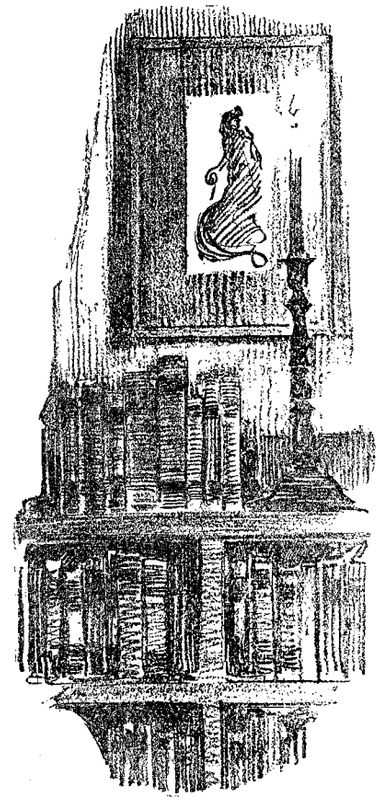

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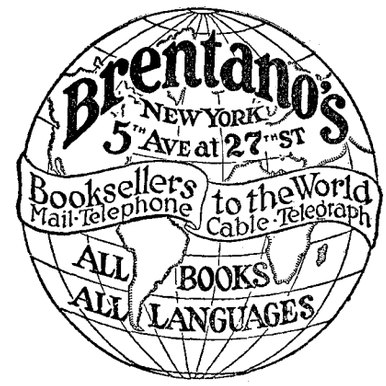

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Drama

Shylock of Venice

THE expressionists are not to think that the theater is given over to them yet. After the symbol comes the thing itself, and those who quarreled with the meagreness of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones's symbolism should now rejoice in the rich reality offered them by David Belasco. They will probably not do so. Expressionism and the new stage-craft are the *dernier cri*. You may criticize them by the light of a private ideal of your own that lies beyond. You must have no word of approval for that earlier stage-craft which the Meininger founded, which Brahm and Reinhardt brought to perfection, which Mr. Belasco would have represented among us had he always produced "The Merchant of Venice" instead of "Daddies" or "Marie Odile."

He gives us the Italy of the sixteenth century; he gives us Venice, the Venice of Titian and Veronese, even to the russet hair, the formal gardens, the tang of Oriental gravity and glow. The scenes and costumes are at once correct and splendid. To deny that or to seek to belittle it would be mere captiousness. Nor are the pictures mere pictures. In the best Meiningen-Reinhardt tradition there is at every moment the stir and movement of life. The Rialto is not empty of its customary loiterers; the synagogue stands at the center of the Ghetto; worshipers pass in and out and you hear the immemorial chants of Israel; the masquerade streams in many-colored rout through streets and alleys with music and banners and torches. In Belmont there is a dainty miniature court; the Prince of Morocco comes with a large and lustrous retinue; the stars that shine over the garden in the last act quiver and twinkle and their positions are copied from some actual chart of the siderial universe. On its own theory and according to its own intention, the production is magnificent. Is that not the whole concern of the critic?

On the side of Jewish lore and custom the realism has been pushed to its uttermost extent. On Shylock's door-post is fastened the little metal capsule holding a tiny scroll of the law which must be saluted by all who pass the threshold. The men and women who go into the temple are studiously characteristic, especially on the side of pathos. Nothing is left undone to present Shylock against a background of sanctity, tradition, beauty on the one hand, of jeers, injustice, servitude on the other. It is flagrantly un-Shakespearean; it is quite contemporary in intention; it sags, at moments, almost to sentimentality; it is indefensible; it is highly effective and not, at least, ignoble.

This brings me to Mr. David Warfield's Shylock. He is a frail and intrepid figure, intense to the point of neurasthenia. The man has been rasped until there is no protective covering over his nerves. He has little or nothing in common with Shakespeare's Sephardic magnifico. He is never icy. His ferocity is

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never natural. It has been wrung from him by blows, slights, insults, cruelties, defamations. His hands quiver and flutter in inimitably authentic gestures. He touches Antonio in the eagerness of speech and Antonio recoils. It is the final stab of ten thousand. Then he proposes his "merry bond." It isn't Shakespeare. It has happened.

Mr. Warfield creates one poignant moment after another that would have puzzled Shakespeare beyond measure. A single illustration will suffice. There is a common opinion among Jews, to be accepted for what it is worth, that especially among the older generation acquainted with persecution the bark is worse than the bite and that the "bitter tongue" is merely an explosion of hurt nerves. And thus when this Shylock has cursed his daughter: "Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!" he stops; he recoils from himself; with his frail, old hand he beats his lips. Half of a typical New York audience that has seen this gesture used by its elders at comparable moments a hundred times, knows now that Shylock is the kindest of fathers and was the most domesticated of husbands and that the ducats matter very little in the end. It was only the "evil mouth" that spoke. And it is for this audience, too, that the mad maskers bait him in his very house when tragically he seeks his daughter up and down the dim stairs; it is for this audience that, at the end of the trial scene, a harsh-visaged monk brandishes a cross over his gray hairs; it is for them that, as he passes out into the street, the jeers of the rabble resound. Many elements, in brief, went to the making of this Shylock and this production and interpretation: Shakespeare, the contemporary Polish pogroms, the squabbles in Vienna, the propaganda of Mr. Henry Ford.

It is all, of course, unnecessary. So soon as Antonio said: "I am as like to call thee so again," any "appeal to the Jew's mercy," in Hazlitt's quite final words, "as if there were any common principle of right and wrong between them, is the rankest hypocrisy or the blindest prejudice." The action, moreover, is but the action of a fairy-tale. A contract must carry with it the possibilities of its own fulfilment and no alien as astute as Shylock would have been ignorant of the law governing, in such grave matters, his relations to the citizens of the Venetian state. Deep-rooted and permanent problems have given this fable a significance that does not belong to it in itself.

I must not pass over the work of the other members of a company of uncommon excellence. Mr. Philip Merivale's Bassanio is suave and warm and winning; Miss Mary Servoss, as Portia, is arch without loss of dignity and at once sweet and grave at the decisive moments. Mr. Fuller Melish as Old Gobbo, Mr. Ian Maclaren as Antonio, Miss Mary Ellis as Nerissa, and Miss Julia Adler as Jessica are all admirable. Indeed, there is no poor acting in the production. One can only wish that, as it ripens, Mr. Belasco will have his actors drop the silly traditional notion that, at every exit from a non-tragic scene, they must indulge in uncaused bursts of tinny laughter.

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International Relations Section

Lord Curzon and the Fate of Greece

DURING the trial of the six Greek ministers, afterward executed by the present "Revolutionary" Government of Greece, former Premier Demetrios Gounaris, on the occasion of his one appearance before the Court Martial, announced that the fatal policy of pursuing the war in Asia Minor was due to encouragement from the British Government embodied in a secret letter addressed to him by Lord Curzon. In spite of his testimony and the protests of the British Minister to Greece, M. Gounaris was killed. The documents referred to in his testimony were finally published in the London *Sunday Express* and later read in the House of Lords by the Earl of Birkenhead, who stated that although he was a member of the Government at the time the correspondence occurred he had never seen the letters. This statement was corroborated by Mr. Lloyd George in the Commons debate. The first letter, written from the Greek Legation on February 15, 1922, and signed by M. Gounaris, follows:

On October 27, 1921, your lordship was pleased to communicate to M. Baltazzi and myself the views of the British Government in regard to the situation in the Near East. From the consideration of the situation in this region in connection with the general political situation your lordship drew the conclusion that the speedy establishment of peace was in the common interest of all parties. With a view to securing such a peace, your lordship urged us to place ourselves in the hands of three Allied Powers, whose joint mediation the British Government would try to obtain. Bearing in mind the sympathy and interest felt by the British Government for Greece, and once more manifested by your lordship on the occasion of this interview, we decided, after careful deliberation, and after consultation with our colleagues in Athens, that it was to the interest of Greece to adhere to your lordship's proposal. Various circumstances which your lordship is more competent to appreciate than myself have hitherto deferred a solution of the problem, and more than three months have elapsed without it having proved possible to establish peace, in spite of the sincere efforts of your lordship to that end. During this interval the Greek Government did not lose sight of the fact that the surest foundation for the negotiation of peace with Turkey in the common interest of the Allies, who jointly conducted the war against that Power, and will conclude the peace, consisted in the maintenance of the military *status quo* in Anatolia. To this end the Greek Government has strained its energies to the utmost to keep the Greek army in its present position. The British Government will readily understand the serious difficulties which the Greek Government had to face in this connection. The Greek army has remained more or less constantly mobilized for the past nine years. Further, the strong patriotic feeling of the soldiers and the consciousness of their mission to liberate their brethren under the Turkish yoke and reunite them to the fatherland—these feelings, which have served to neutralize their natural war-weariness, have been adversely affected by the growing probability that the coming peace will not fully secure the realization of the mission of which they are conscious.

The steady depletion of the financial resources of the country, moreover, unavoidably involved increasing difficulty in supplying the needs of the army and correspondingly increasing hardships for the troops in Asia Minor. In spite of these difficulties it has hitherto proved possible for Greece to meet the situation. Her exertions to this end have, however, created a state of things to which I feel it my duty to draw your lordship's attention in the hope that the interest which we know the British Government to feel in the matter will impel them to accord it their careful consideration with a view to facilitating the discovery of means to meet the present difficulties, which must needs prove insuperable for Greece if she be left to her own resources.

In particular I wish to bring to your lordship's knowledge that the financial resources of the Greek Government are completely exhausted. In anticipation of this inevitable development I repeatedly approached the British Government with a view to their granting facilities for the conclusion of a loan in the British market. Consequent on this, an agreement was signed on December 22, 1921, between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and myself whereby the British Government signified its consent to the conclusion of a loan not exceeding £15,000,000 and to the granting of security for such loan. In spite of this action of the British Government it has not yet proved possible to conclude the loan. Meanwhile information from Athens represented the situation of the Treasury as growing steadily worse, and the latest telegrams state that the Government is completely unable to meet the expenditure on the upkeep of the army for the first half of February, in spite of the fact that in the meanwhile disbursements of public money on any other object have practically ceased.

Over and above this complete financial impasse, it should be recalled that the campaigning season in Asia Minor is approaching. Little more than a month separates us from the date on which operations were resumed last year. Meanwhile the enemy has been reinforced in men and supplies.

Under these circumstances, the Greek command in Asia Minor state that they cannot undertake to give an assurance of their ability to cope with the contingency of a Turkish offensive unless they receive (1) reinforcements sufficient to raise the units under them to full strength, and thus neutralize the present Turkish superiority in numbers; (2) supplies of fresh war material (especially airplanes, machine-guns, and motor-lorries), these being indispensable if the mobility of the army is not to be affected; and (3) financial assistance, as the present financial position of the army is desperate.

Unless these conditions are fulfilled the command consider that the impending Turkish offensive will expose the army to very serious dangers, and urgently request that the above measures be instantly taken, or, should they prove to be impracticable, that an order be instantly given to avoid the dangers foreseen through a withdrawal, while there is yet time to take the initiative of a withdrawal before being forced to it by the development of the situation. They consider, further, that such a withdrawal must necessarily amount to a complete evacuation of Asia Minor, since no line more to the west would afford in the event of withdrawal from the fortified line now held stronger defensive positions which would enable the army to hold out without strengthening it by the measures above indicated. Finally, the command of the Asia Minor army add that, should the enemy receive yet further reinforcements, it would become necessary similarly to reinforce our own army by calling up fresh classes to the colors, so as to neutralize the accession of strength to the enemy.

With regard to the above the Greek Government is, indeed, in a position to meet the call for more troops in both of the cases contemplated. Clearly, however, the Greek Government is not in a position to furnish the Asia Minor army with the financial assistance of which it is in such need, or to supply the necessary war material, least of all in the event of the calling up of fresh classes, when considerable additional armament will be indispensable.

The reply of the British Government, written by Lord Curzon and addressed from the Foreign Office on March 6, read as follows:

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Your Excellency: I have considered with the utmost care the note which you addressed to me on the 15th ultimo, and desire to express my appreciation of the perfect candor with which you have expounded to me a situation that is indubitably fraught with the gravest anxiety to the Greek Government and nation. I can only express a hope that the military position in Anatolia is less immediately critical than your note would lead me to think, and that the remarkable patriotism and discipline of the Hellenic armies, of which so many illustrations have been furnished in the campaigns of the last few years, will not fail them in any emergency that may conceivably arise.

As regards the financial position, your Excellency has yourself detailed the inception of the negotiations by which it is hoped by your Government to raise a substantial loan in the London market. His Majesty's Government have, as you know, endeavored, within the limits of their publicly declared neutrality and of the engagements entered into with their Allies, to lighten the difficulties by which these negotiations were attended, and if, as I am informed, they have failed to produce the desired result, this would appear to have been due in the main to obstacles connected with the commercial rather than with the political aspects of the proposed transaction.

In these circumstances, the wisest course is unquestionably to expedite the diplomatic solution of the anxious position in which all are placed. I deeply regret that, owing to circumstances over which his Majesty's Government have had no control, the proposed meeting of the Allied Ministers in Paris has been so long delayed. An Italian Ministry having, however, now been formed I have hastened to propose that the conference should meet in Paris on March 13—a date which, at the moment of writing, seems likely to be again postponed for a few days to meet the convenience of the new Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. I have little doubt that the first subject that will come under examination there will be the Anatolian question, and I earnestly hope that a solution may be found which will be acceptable to both parties, and may relieve you of the more serious apprehensions by which you are assailed.

Your Government has already placed itself, in accordance with the advice which I ventured to tender to you last autumn, in the hands of the Allies, and I doubt not, therefore, that in a similar spirit of confidence and good faith you will be prepared to listen to such counsels as may be offered to you from Paris with regard to the immediately existing situation.

The London *Times*, quoting the letter and the discussion which followed, gave Lord Birkenhead's remarks in the following words:

If that advice did not mean, "Stay, at least for the present," he did not understand the meaning of words, and he most deeply deplored that the Cabinet were not allowed the opportunity of examining this letter for themselves, and forming their opinion upon it, and of seeing whether there might not have evolved, with the collective gravity of responsibility, advice which might have saved these ghastly tragedies and the lives of these Ministers.

What Central America Needs

FROM Dr. Julio Bianchi, former Guatemalan Minister to the United States, who was one of the three members of the Executive of the Central American Republic formed last year but dissolved after the Orellane Revolution in Guatemala, we have received a summary of Central American conditions and needs. This summary was presented by Dr. Bianchi to the Central American Conference now meeting in Washington under Mr. Hughes's auspices. Its frank statement of Central American shortcomings and of the difficulties caused by blundering North American intervention is very revealing. We quote the following excerpts:

During the Conference of Central American Delegates being held in Washington under auspices of the United States Government for the purpose of making effective the treaties signed at Washington on December 20, 1907, so as to maintain friendly relations between the Central American States, limit armaments in Central America, establish tribunals of inquiry for any disputes between these states which cannot be settled by diplomatic means, and discuss other questions which the delegates may unanimously desire to consider—I deem it proper to disclose facts concerning Central American politics which may throw light on the problem to be considered.

If the real evil is not found and corrected—the evil which underlies all the political disturbances and unrest that have been throttling Central American progress for over one hundred years—this Conference and the treaties emanating therefrom will be fruitless. The delegates have been appointed by the governments and at least one of those governments has been imposed by force on the people and is being maintained by terrorism. . . .

When a country is subject to the rule of the few, all political activities within its borders are extremely difficult and dangerous. In such cases the opponents are forced to look to one of the neighboring states for support. This neighboring government, whether in real sympathy with the sufferings of a brother people or not quite certain of its own security, secretly puts in the hands of the exiles a few rifles and some ammunition, affording them a chance to try their luck. Of course the official eye is closed while the exiles cross the border. Well and good if they succeed; there will be no fear of an invasion from that side for some time to come, and that is no mean reward. If the exiles are overpowered, which usually happens, they are arrested on recrossing the dividing line on the charge of violation of neutrality, confined to the capital, closely watched, and sometimes even deported from a country which officially cannot tolerate such criminals in its bosom. Secretly, the President or one of his Ministers calls on them in prison, apologizes for the orders which he has been forced to issue against his own sincere wishes so as not to incur the wrath of Washington; gives them money for traveling expenses, some comforting advice, and the assurance of his hearty cooperation when circumstances may afford another opportunity. . . .

Another important source of financial and moral support for revolutions and "cuartelazos" is found in foreign interests, particularly some American companies working in Caribbean countries. Their reasons for lending help to the very activities which their home government for many years has been endeavoring to suppress are manifold. They can get from the chief of a revolution in need of money concessions and franchises on terms which a stable government would not even consider; they can secure the favorable settlement of a pending issue that would certainly be lost before the courts; they may be prompted by the desire to have their power felt by a government too friendly toward a commercial rival or not submissive enough to their own whims. There may be a score of reasons. But their point of view is that their own interests are everything and the welfare of the country in which they are operating is nothing. This explains why foreign interests, as a rule, favor "one-man governments." They find it much easier to deal with them, through bribery or intimidation, than to deal with an executive and a congress that may become too inquisitive. There is no doubt but that the indiscriminate protection afforded these interests by their home government is a factor that must be reckoned with in dealing with the political disturbances, the despotisms, and the exploitations to which Central American countries are subject. . . .

I have always been an ardent advocate of disarmament in Central America. I feel certain that if in case of such disarmament the citizens were given the right of possessing and carrying arms without fear of punishment (which sometimes has been capital punishment) a most important step toward democracy would have been taken. But only popular govern-

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ments would permit citizens to possess arms, and today in the whole of Central America there is but one government, that of Costa Rica, which could survive such a change of policy. El Salvador is doubtful, and the administrations of the other three would crumble as soon as deprived of the support of their armies.

However, any attempt at improvement of Central American political conditions will be useless as long as a general with no other claim on public favor than his audacity is allowed to repudiate the constitution, disown the President, imprison Ministers of the Cabinet, dissolve Congress, jail and murder members of the judiciary, abolish freedom of the press, persecute and exile political leaders, promulgate martial law, imprison and shoot hundreds of citizens after torturing them, appoint a spurious "Congress" according to his fancy, cause himself to be "elected" "constitutional President of the Republic" and after committing these crimes to be protected against a counter-revolution by the policy of maintaining peace for peace's sake, his "government" being officially recognized by the Government of the United States and thereafter by other governments.

And yet, owing to the peculiar political circumstances of Central American countries, international sanction should be and can be a most powerful agency for the maintenance of law and lawful government. International sanction, as far as Central America is concerned, is limited almost exclusively to the moral influence of the United States (occasionally supported by a few marines as in Nicaragua). This influence has had in the past and will have in the future, for good or for evil, a most decided effect on the political life of these countries. But owing to the very nature of the United States Government its policy toward its little sisters of the Isthmus changes in accordance with the ideas and ideals of every Administration. As understood by Central Americans this changing policy has been: Friendly, almost fatherly, under Root; aggressive, rude, and selfish under Knox; idealistic and dogmatic under Bryan, Lansing, and Colby; strictly and blindly legal under Hughes. Such a changing policy has done little to aid Central America.

If the American policy toward Central America could be standardized by treaties or by precedents reasonably binding future administrations, presumably one of the three following courses would be adhered to:

1. Mr. Root's policy (as understood from the treaties of December 20, 1907, which he sponsored): "The governments . . . shall not recognize any other government which may come into power in any of the five republics as a consequence of a coup d'etat, or of a revolution against a recognized government, so long as the freely elected representatives of the people thereof have not constitutionally reorganized the country." How shall foreign nations determine whether elections have been free? If the word of the de facto government is to be accepted as sufficient proof, the test is worthless. The most tainted elections would be reported free and spotless. If, on the contrary, foreign nations were to reserve the right of supervising and passing judgment on the fairness of elections the nation under judgment would lose a certain part of its sovereignty. The same questions would be raised if a Pan-American League of Nations sought to decide the propriety of granting recognition to a newly organized government, unless instead of a mere League, a Pan-American Confederation could be organized, each one of the member states voluntarily relinquishing a part of its sovereignty. Historical facts have shown us the frailty of this safeguard for the protection of legal governments. Incorporated into the treaties of 1907, it has been overridden at one time or another by every one of the five signatory and the two sponsoring countries.

2. President Wilson's policy: "No government issuing from an act of violence shall be granted recognition." This policy undoubtedly contributed to maintain a certain degree of calm all over Latin America during the Wilson Administration. Having been strictly applied to the Tinoco administration in Costa Rica, there is reason to believe that it had much to do in preventing the firm establishment of a tyranny in that country. But it has also served to uphold already existing despotisms or governments that have since degenerated into despotisms in other nations of the continent. For equity's sake this policy ought to be complemented by another principle: "From every government maintaining itself in power by unlawful means recognition shall be withdrawn." This would be perfectly logical. The government born in violation of the law is no more unworthy of international intercourse than the one refusing to die in obedience to the law. But can we foretell how far the adoption of this preposterous idea would restrict the sovereignty of these nations? Its acceptance would risk national independence itself.

3. Mr. Hughes's policy: "Every government which has practical control of the country and affords reasonable protection to life and property of foreigners shall be recognized." This rule, diametrically opposed to the policy of both Republican and Democratic administrations since 1907, is the one best agreeing with justice and the one completely respecting the sovereignty of those countries. Unfortunately, openly disagreeing with it (from the Central American point of view), stand Mr. Hughes's notes of December 27, 1921, to the governments of the then member states of the Republic of Central America, El Salvador, and Honduras. Those notes ignored the Republic of Central America, which was thereafter destroyed. . . .

The constitution drafted for the new Republic of Central America was full of imperfections. I had doubt of its working successfully but I accepted my election as one of the three executives of the new republic because I knew the good-will of the three state governments in the union and the unprecedented enthusiasm of the people who supported the union almost unanimously. The determination of those concerned, combined with advice from statesmen of countries enjoying long experience in federal government, would have eliminated imperfections in our constitution in a short time. But while this attempt at union failed, union must come. . . .

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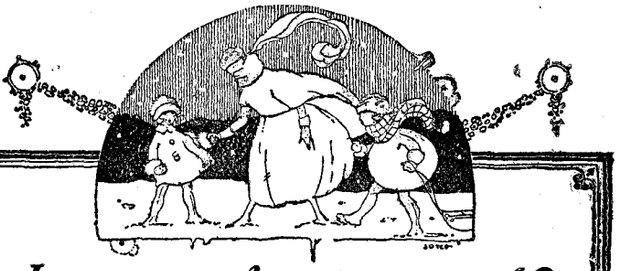

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